

OPEN GATES

*A Book of Forms for Boys and Girls
of Junior High School Age*

OPEN GATES

Compiled by
The Committee on Junior High School Forms
The Committee on Junior High School Forms, New York

AND

GRACE THOM GRADUATING

*Junior High School of the Junior High School
The Junior High School, New York*

Chicago: The Chicago Press



BOOKS FOR LIBRARIES PRESS
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

OPEN GATES

*A Book of Poems for Boys and Girls
of Junior High School Age*

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

SUSAN THOMPSON SPAULDING

Formerly Instructor in Speech Arts

The Scarborough School, Scarborough, New York

AND

FRANCIS TROW SPAULDING

Formerly Head of the Junior High School

The Park School, Buffalo, New York

Granger Index Reprint Series



BOOKS FOR LIBRARIES PRESS

FREEPORT, NEW YORK

Copyright, © 1924
By Susan Thompson Spaulding And Francis Trow Spaulding
Reprinted 1970 by arrangement with
Houghton Mifflin Company

STANDARD BOOK NUMBER:

8369-6187-0

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOG CARD NUMBER:

78-128158

MANUFACTURED
BY
HALLMARK LITHOGRAPHERS, INC.
IN THE U.S.A.

What is it to hate poetry? It is to have no little dreams and fancies, no holy memories of golden days, to be unmoved by serene midsummer evenings or dawn over wild lands, singing or sunshine, little tales told by the fire a long while since, glow-worms and briar rose; for of all these things and more is poetry made. It is to be cut off forever from the fellowship of great men that are gone; to see men and women without their halos and the world without its glory; to miss the meaning lurking behind the common things, like elves hiding in flowers; it is to beat one's hands all day against the gates of Fairyland and to find that they are shut and the country empty and its kings gone hence.

LORD DUNSANY

THE GATES

THE boy thrust his hands into his pockets and stood looking dubiously at the high gates, while the girl attempted to reach the heavy knocker. Through the iron railings they caught glimpses of books passing to and fro, some with light, skipping jumps, some with long, striding steps, and some so fat that they could barely manage to waddle heavily along; all kinds of books — thin books, thick books, new books; old, decrepit books; smiling books, sour books.

“That’s a queer country!” ruminated the boy aloud.

“What’s that?” said a sharp voice from beyond the Gates.

The children turned to confront the angry visage of a dark brown book, whose manner warned them that they had to deal with an important person.

“Easy to see you’ve never been here!” the book went on scoffingly.

“We have!” retorted the boy.

“Then,” said the book, “I suppose you are willing to prove it by giving references? We can’t have strangers loitering about the Gates, you know.”

“References?” the boy repeated, in a puzzled tone.

“Yes, yes! Whom do you know in here?”

“Oh!” The boy sought frantically in his mind; but for his very life he could remember only one inhabitant of the place. “Mother Goose,” he almost whispered.

“Aw — haw — haw!” roared the brown book. “She wouldn’t know you now. She knows no one but little children. Surely you wouldn’t expect her to testify as to your present character!”

"She isn't the only one we know," interrupted the girl loftily. "We know Paul Revere —"

"Oh, yes! and Sheridan's Ride," added the boy eagerly.

"There! That's something like!" The brown book suddenly pulled the latch of the great Gates, which flew wide open, and together the children entered the strange country. As they stepped across the threshold, the book moved its covers, there was a flutter of two or three white pages, and Sheridan's Ride stood suddenly before them — horseman, black charger, and a long stretch of dusty road, at the end of which they heard thunder muttering. The rider nodded to them shortly; and before the two knew what was happening they were being whisked off on the black horse.

No sooner, however, were they beginning to feel the excitement of the race than the horse pulled up with a jerk; and they perceived that they had barely avoided running into a huge, black-lettered sign, which read:

1. Where is Winchester? Where was the battle being fought?
2. Why was Sheridan at Winchester?

"This is stupid!" the boy ejaculated. "Let's go on!"

"Oh, no!" said the poem firmly. "You don't know me till you can answer those questions."

"But they spoil all the fun!" objected the girl.

"And we don't know how to answer them," the boy added sulkily.

"You must go back to the Gates and learn how. Encyclopedia will give you all the information you need."

"But why couldn't Encyclopedia have told us before we started?"

"Because things aren't done that way," Sheridan's Ride responded enigmatically.

"Can't we see her after the ride?"

"No, you must see her now. Don't you see that we can't get past the sign till you know?"

"Oh, bother!" And the boy leaped off the horse, reached up his hand to the girl, and they stamped back toward the Gates.

"I don't care about the old poem anyhow," said the boy.

"But we were having such fun; and maybe there won't be any more signs."

"There will, though! These poems are always full of signs."

"Well, here's Encyclopedia now. I'm going to ask her." And the girl ran toward a tall, fat, gray book, standing near the Gates, surrounded by a throng of people.

She was about to push her way through when she was accosted by a green book, who said in a business-like tone, "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Oh, please," said the girl eagerly, "I want a good poem. One that will be fun, with no signs."

"I have just what you want," responded the green book. "My first poem is beautiful, and has no signs at all. It is called *Thanatopsis*."

"What a beautiful name! May I see it? — I don't think I quite understand it," she said, after looking at the first part of the poem.

"Well, well, that doesn't really matter," stated the green book, with asperity. "You will remember and

appreciate it when you are older, and will be glad then that I gave it to you."

"Very well," replied the girl. "Perhaps after I read it I shall like some of your other poems."

She moved away with Thanatopsis, and came upon the boy in an argument with the brown book who had given them Sheridan's Ride.

"Of course," the book was saying indignantly, "you can't read another poem until you finish the first. And then you must read the one next to it. Paul Revere's Ride is on page 134, and I couldn't hear of your skipping so many good poems. And where's that girl you had with you? Don't you know it's the rule here that those who start together must keep together?"

Startled at hearing herself brought into the argument, the girl walked away very fast, pretending to be deeply engrossed in what Thanatopsis was telling her. "I don't see what it is all about," she said, when they reached the last line. "And here's a sign, after all!" And then indignation quite overcame her, for she read, in neat black letters:

"Memorize the last nine lines."

With an impatient gesture she pushed the poem from her, so roughly that the green book itself fell, bruised and shaken. Instantly all the other books swooped down upon her, and perceiving that the boy was hurrying to her assistance, they fell upon him too. Amid the roaring, angry turmoil was heard the voice of Sheridan's Ride, crying, "They insulted me! They left me to wait for them at the first sign, and never came back!"

"Throw them out!" shouted all the books in unison.

"We can't have such riotous behavior in here! Out with them!"

And the boy and girl suddenly found themselves outside the Gates, which shut with a clang behind them.

When they had recovered from their confusion they looked about, half expecting to see the infuriated volumes following them. Inside the iron railings, however, the country was quiet again. And when they lifted the heavy knocker and beat it against the Gates, only a large crowd of old books moved slowly and gravely toward them.

"Let us in!" cried the children. "Some of you must have some good poems."

But the books shook their heads regretfully. "We can help you," they said, "if you will come back in a few years. But we are too old to help you now. You couldn't understand us."

The children stood for a moment looking through the railings, and then were about to turn disconsolately away. Suddenly, however, their attention was arrested by a little book who was beckoning to them insistently.

"Have you some exciting poems?" they asked.

The book nodded.

"With signs?" they queried suspiciously.

"No. I may tell you about some of them first, but I shan't make you leave the poems to answer questions."

"But all *he* wants," said the girl, "is rides and fights and things, and I want something else besides."

"I have rides and fights," suggested the book, "and other things that you'll both like."

"Shall we have to read the same things at the same time?"

"Oh, my, no!" The little book sounded shocked. "It's my business to make you like me, and you never would if you had to do that. Why, don't you know that poems are just as different as people? — and of course what one of you likes the other may hate."

"And we don't have to read them in order?"

"No, no. You may pick and choose and skip about. But it may sometimes be pleasanter to read them in order, for you will find that if you like one of my poems you will usually like the one which comes after it. And some day, when you're through with me, you'll meet these older ones" — she nodded toward the grave old books — "and like them all the better."

"Well, then," said the boy to the girl, "let's go in again."

The little book unlatched the Gates and threw them wide, fluttering her leaves eagerly the while. From the white pages came, faint and far away, a murmur of wind and of beating rain, a galloping of hoofs through distant thunder, echoes of shouts and the sound of guns, the rippling of brooks, the songs of birds. The children paused on the threshold, waiting for the Gates to be closed behind them; but the little book moved on, beckoning them to follow.

"Little book!" they called. "You have forgotten to shut the Gates."

"Yes," said the book, "I shall always forget, so that you may come and go as you like."

CONTENTS

About Ben Adhem. <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	321
Abraham Davenport. <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	31
After Blenheim. <i>Robert Southey</i>	184
Aladdin. <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	335
Alec Yeaton's Son. <i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	92
All Things Wait Upon Thee. <i>Christina Georgina Rossetti</i>	280
American Flag, The. <i>Joseph Rodman Drake</i>	190
Annabel Lee. <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	265
April Moon. <i>Walter de la Mare</i>	347
Arrow and the Song, The. <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	337
As Toilsome I Wandered Virginia's Woods. <i>Walt Whitman</i>	205
Auld Lang Syne. <i>Robert Burns</i>	260
Ballad of the "Bolivar," The. <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	79
Bannockburn. <i>Robert Burns</i>	189
Barbara Frietchie. <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	40
Baucis and Philemon. <i>Jonathan Swift</i>	153
Bells, The. <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	339
Birches. <i>Robert Frost</i>	357
Blue and the Gray, The. <i>Francis Miles Finch</i>	206
Brave at Home, The. <i>Thomas Buchanan Read</i>	201
Break, Break, Break. <i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	267
Brook-Song, The. <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	281
Brook, The. <i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	282
Brown's Descent. <i>Robert Frost</i>	234
Builders, The. <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	327
Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna, The. <i>Charles Wolfe</i>	202

Chambered Nautilus, The.	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	. 366
Charge of the Light Brigade, The.	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	. 49
Christmas at Sea.	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	. 257
Christmas Carol, A.	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>	. 310
Circumstance.	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	. 277
Cloud, The.	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	. 349
Columbus.	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>	. 59
Compromise.	<i>Charlotte Perkins Stetson</i>	. 331
Concord Hymn.	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	. 193
Cradle Hymn, A.	<i>Sir Isaac Watts</i>	. 312
Craven.	<i>Sir Henry Newbolt</i>	. 78
Crossing the Bar.	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	. 279
Daffodils.	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	. 287
Deacon's Masterpiece, The.	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	. 229
Dead, The.	<i>Rupert Brooke</i>	. 213
Destruction of Sennacherib, The.	<i>George Gordon, Lord Byron</i>	. 183
Dewdrop and the Wave, The.	<i>Georg Herwegh</i>	. 306
Diverting History of John Gilpin, The.	<i>William Cowper</i>	. 215
Earl Haldan's Daughter.	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>	. 101
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	. 237
Elfin Artist, The.	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>	. 168
Elfin Shaft, The.	<i>Old Danish Ballad, translated by E. M. Smith-Dampier</i>	. 108
Enthralled.	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	. 252
Erl-King, The.	<i>Johann Wolfgang von Goethe</i>	. 111
Explorer, The.	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	. 54
Fable, A.	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	. 303
Faëry Song.	<i>John Keats</i>	. 170
Fairies, The.	<i>William Allingham</i>	. 165
Fairies' Dance, The.	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	. 167

CONTENTS

9

Fern Song. <i>John B. Tabb</i>	281
Fighting Téméraire, The. <i>Sir Henry Newbolt</i>	76
First Snowfall, The. <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	264
Fool's Prayer, The. <i>Edward Rowland Sill</i>	137
For A' That, and A' That. <i>Robert Burns</i>	330
Forsaken Merman, The. <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	117
From Far Away. <i>Old English Carol</i>	317
From the Greek of Julianus. <i>William Cowper</i>	49
"Frost To-Night." <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	360
Gloucester Moors. <i>William Vaughn Moody</i>	362
Glove, The. <i>Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller</i>	138
Good Hours. <i>Robert Frost</i>	247
Good King Wenceslas. <i>Old English Carol</i>	320
Greyport Legend, A. <i>Bret Harte</i>	83
Guards Came Through, The. <i>Sir Arthur Conan Doyle</i>	52
Happy Thought. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	247
Hare, The. <i>Walter de la Mare</i>	299
He Fell Among Thieves. <i>Sir Henry Newbolt</i>	47
Heather Ale. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	162
Hervé Riel. <i>Robert Browning</i>	67
Hey Nonny No! <i>Anonymous</i>	280
* Highland Mary. <i>Robert Burns</i>	276
High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, The. <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	85
Housekeeper, The. <i>Charles Lamb</i>	300
How Robin Hood Rescued the Widow's Sons. <i>Old English Ballad</i>	157
How Sleep the Brave. <i>William Collins</i>	208
"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." <i>Robert Browning</i>	29
I Have a Rendezvous with Death. <i>Alan Seeger</i>	211
In Flanders Fields. <i>John McCrae</i>	212
In the Train. <i>James Thomson ("B. V.")</i>	345

Incident of the French Camp, An.	<i>Robert Browning</i>	. 43
Jabberwocky.	<i>Lewis Carroll</i>	 246
Jim Bludso.	<i>John Hay</i>	 34
Jog On, Jog On.	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	 249
John Anderson, My Jo.	<i>Robert Burns</i>	 276
John Burns of Gettysburg.	<i>Bret Harte</i>	 36
Jolly Company, The.	<i>Rupert Brooke</i>	 346
Killed at the Ford.	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	. 194
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.	<i>Old English</i>	
<i>Ballad</i>		147
Knee-Deep in June.	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	. . . 291
La Belle Dame Sans Merci.	<i>John Keats</i>	 113
Lady Clare.	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	 122
Lady of Shalott, The.	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	. . . 128
Last Leaf, The.	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	 261
Legend of Saint Martin, A.	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	. 151
Lion and the Cub, The.	<i>John Gay</i>	 305
Lochinvar.	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	 126
Long Trail, The.	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	 253
Looker-On, The.	<i>Charlotte Perkins Stetson</i>	. . . 325
Loreley, The.	<i>Heinrich Heine</i>	 116
Loss of the Royal George, The.	<i>William Cowper</i>	. 73
Lost Chord, A.	<i>Adelaide Procter</i>	 338
Loyal.	<i>Frank O. Ticknor</i>	 18
Lullaby, A.	<i>G. R. Glasgow</i>	 210
Maud Muller.	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	 271
Meg Merrilies.	<i>John Keats</i>	 249
Morning.	<i>John Keats</i>	 349
Mother Bird, The.	<i>Walter de la Mare</i>	 297
Musical Instrument, A.	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i>	. 343
My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.	<i>Sir Edward Dyer</i>	. 333
My Star.	<i>Robert Browning</i>	 346

O Captain! My Captain! <i>Walt Whitman</i>	203
Ode to Autumn. <i>John Keats</i>	360
Old Clock on the Stairs, The. <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	309
Old Ironsides. <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	75
Old Man and Jim, The. <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	197
On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes. <i>Thomas Gray</i>	303
On His Blindness. <i>John Milton</i>	332
On the Grasshopper and Cricket. <i>John Keats</i>	302
On the Sea. <i>John Keats</i>	365
Only Son, The. <i>Sir Henry Newbolt</i>	200
Opportunity. <i>Edward Rowland Sill</i>	46
Out of the Night that Covers Me. <i>William Ernest Henley</i>	332
Outlaw's Song, The. <i>Joanna Baillie</i>	161
Ozymandias of Egypt. <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	187
Parting Guest, A. <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	278
Patriotism. <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	188
Patriot's Pass-Word, The. <i>James Montgomery</i>	19
Paul Revere's Ride. <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	24
Pedlar, The. <i>Walter de la Mare</i>	181
Picket-Guard, The. <i>Ethel Lynn Beers</i>	196
Pilgrim Fathers, The. <i>Felicia Hemans</i>	23
Priest and the Mulberry Tree, The. <i>Thomas Love Peacock</i>	224
Psalm of Life, A. <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	322
Rainbow, The. <i>William Wordsworth</i>	352
Recessional. <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	213
Red, Red Rose, A. <i>Robert Burns</i>	267
Relieving Guard. <i>Bret Harte</i>	204
Requiem. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	279
Reveille, The. <i>Bret Harte</i>	192
Revenge, The. <i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	60

Revenge of Hamish, The.	<i>Sidney Lanier</i>	. . .	141
Rhodora.	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	. . .	359
Romance.	<i>Andrew Lang</i>	. . .	121
Sally in Our Alley.	<i>Henry Carey</i>	. . .	268
Sands of Dee, The.	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>	. . .	84
Scythe Song.	<i>Andrew Lang</i>	. . .	309
Shepherdess, The.	<i>Alice Meynell</i>	. . .	335
Sheridan's Ride.	<i>Thomas Buchanan Read</i>	. . .	44
Shield, The.	<i>Charlotte Perkins Stetson</i>	. . .	34
Silver.	<i>Walter de la Mare</i>	. . .	308
Sir Galahad.	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	. . .	134
Sir Patrick Spens.	<i>Old Scottish Ballad</i>	. . .	98
Skeleton in Armor, The.	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>		103
Skipper Ireson's Ride.	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	. . .	226
Soldier, The.	<i>Rupert Brooke</i>	. . .	208
Solitary Reaper, The.	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	. . .	336
Song: "Oh! Love."	<i>Rupert Brooke</i>	. . .	270
Song from "Pippa Passes."	<i>Robert Browning</i>	. . .	215
Song of the Road, A.	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	. . .	250
Song: "When I am dead, my dearest."	<i>Christina Geor-</i> <i>gina Rossetti</i>	. . .	278
Sweet and Low.	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	. . .	312
Tam O' Shanter.	<i>Robert Burns</i>	. . .	170
Three Fishers, The.	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>	. . .	91
Three Kings, The.	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	. . .	314
Three Men of Gotham.	<i>Thomas Love Peacock</i>	. . .	344
Time to Talk, A.	<i>Robert Frost</i>	. . .	248
To a Louse.	<i>Robert Burns</i>	. . .	300
To a Mountain Daisy.	<i>Robert Burns</i>	. . .	289
To a Mouse.	<i>Robert Burns</i>	. . .	297
To a Skylark.	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	. . .	353
To a Waterfowl.	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	. . .	295
To the Fringed Gentian.	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	. . .	288
To the Night.	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	. . .	348

CONTENTS

13

Trees. . <i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	357
Turkish Legend, A. <i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	187
Twa Corbies, The. <i>Old Scottish Ballad</i>	115
Uphill. <i>Christina Georgina Rossetti</i>	263
Vagabond Song, A. <i>Bliss Carman</i>	251
Village Blacksmith, The. <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	323
Visit from the Sea, A. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	294
Vitaī Lampada. <i>Sir Henry Newbolt</i>	17
Voices, The. <i>Anonymous</i>	209
Walrus and the Carpenter, The. <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	242
Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, A. <i>Allan Cunningham</i>	82
What the Chimney Sang. <i>Bret Harte</i>	307
White-Footed Deer, The. <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	178
Who Bides His Time. <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	329
Windy Nights. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	307
Winter. <i>William Shakespeare</i>	286
Winter Streams. <i>Bliss Carman</i>	284
Wood-Pile, The. <i>Robert Frost</i>	285
World Is Too Much With Us, The. <i>William Words-</i> <i>worth</i>	365
Wreck of the Hesperus, The. <i>Henry Wadsworth Long-</i> <i>fellow</i>	94
Yarn of the Nancy Bell, The. <i>Sir William Gilbert</i>	239
You Are Old, Father William. <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	233
Young and Old. <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	260
The Old, Grave Books	369
Acknowledgments	373
Index of Authors	377

OPEN GATES

VITAĬ LAMPADA

(The Torch of Life)

THERE's a breathless hush in the Close to-night —
Ten to make and the match to win —
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote —
“Play up! Play up! and play the game!”

The sand of the desert is sodden red, —
Red with the wreck of a square that broke; —
The Gatling's jammed, and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
“Play up! Play up! and play the game!”

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind —
“Play up! Play up! and play the game!”

Sir Henry Newbolt

LOYAL

THE good Lord Douglas — dead of old —
In his last journeying
Wore at his heart, encased in gold,
The heart of Bruce, his king,

Through Paynim lands to Palestine —
For so his troth was plight —
To lay that gold on Christ His shrine,
Let fall what peril might.

By night and day, a weary way
Of vigil and of fight,
Where never rescue came by day,
Nor ever rest by night.

And one by one the valiant spears
Were smitten from his side,
And one by one the bitter tears
Fell for the brave that died;

Till fierce and black around his track
He saw the combat close,
And counted but the single sword
Against uncounted foes.

He drew the casket from his breast,
He bared his solemn brow.
Oh, foremost of the kingliest!
Go “first in battle” now!

Where leads my Lord of Bruce, the sword
Of Douglas shall not stay!

Forward! We meet at Christ His feet
In Paradise, to-day!

The casket flashed; the battle clashed,
Thundered, and rolled away;
And dead above the heart of Bruce
The heart of Douglas lay!

Loyal! Methinks the antique mould
Is lost, on theirs alone
Who sheltered Freedom's heart of gold,
Like Douglas, with their own!

Frank O. Ticknor

THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD

MORE than six hundred years ago the Emperor of Germany sent to rule Switzerland a tyrant named Gessler, who set up his cap on a pole in a market-place, and commanded that all men should bow down before it. A Swiss mountaineer named William Tell, the legend runs, refused to make obeisance, and was forced by the tyrant to shoot an apple from the head of his son. His skill with the cross-bow won him the admiration of Gessler, who pardoned him. But still he refused to obey the tyrant, and, gathering about him the Swiss of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, he fought the foreign rulers of the country and began the destruction of their power. Then came, in the fourteenth century, a great army of trained Austrian soldiers, who were drawn up in rank on rank at Sempach to crush utterly the little body of Swiss patriots who opposed them.

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried,
Made way for liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;

A wall, — where every conscious stone
Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown,
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear:
A wood, — like that enchanted grove
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possess'd
A spirit imprison'd in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Might startle into hideous life:
So still, so dense, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood.
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears,
Whose polish'd points before them shine
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendours run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their father-land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks th' ignoble yoke,
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gain'd,
In many a mortal fray maintain'd.
Marshall'd once more, at freedom's call
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
Was deem'd a dead or living Tell;
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,

That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burn'd within,
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er th' impatient Switzers gazed,
Th' unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet:
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour
Annihilates th' invader's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known,
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried;
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmark'd he stood amidst the throng,
In rumination deep and long.
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by th' uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points cross'd from side to side;
He bow'd amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart,
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty.

James Montgomery

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;

And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Hemans

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,

To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,

And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,

In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS
FROM GHENT TO AIX”

(16—)

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,

So, Joris broke silence with, “Yet there is time!”

30 THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the bright little stubble like
chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

“How they’ll greet us!” — and all in a moment his
roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets’ rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jackboots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad
or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head ’twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

Robert Browning

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

IN the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,

Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

Tw'as on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, —
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Low'd, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice

The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face, —
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

John Greenleaf Whittier

THE SHIELD

FIGHT! said the Leader. Stand and fight!
How dare you yield!
What is the pain of bitter blows,
The ache and sting and the blood that flows,
To a losing field!

Yea, said they, you may stand and fight;
We needs must yield!
What is the danger and pain to you,
When every blow falls fair and true
On your magic shield?

The magical cuirass over your breast,
Leather and steel,
Guarded like that, of course you dare
To meet the storm of battle there —
But we can feel!

The Leader fell where he fought alone.
See the lifeblood start
Where one more blow has pierced too far,
Through a bosom hardened with scar on scar, —
The only shield, the only bar,
For that great heart!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

JIM BLUDSO

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Becase he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint, — them engineers
Is all pretty much alike, —
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied, —
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, —
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire, —
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last —
The Movaster was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night —
The oldest craft on the line —
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,

And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer-bank on the right.
 There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore!"

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
 Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word.
 And sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell, —
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, — but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

John Hay

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
 Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well:
 Brief is the glory that hero earns,
 Briefer the story of poor John Burns.
 He was the fellow who won renown, —
 The only man who didn't back down

When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how but the day before
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,

Thundered the battery's double bass, —
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, — but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —
With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore,
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire*:
“How are you, White Hat?” “Put her through!”
“Your head’s level!” and “Bully for you!”
Called him “Daddy,” — begged he’d disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off, —
With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

’Twas but for a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man’s strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept in awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns — a practical man —
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!
Bret Harte

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!” — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,

Let once my army-leader Lannes

Waver at yonder wall," —

Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew

A rider, bound on bound

Full-galloping; nor bridle drew

Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,

And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy:

You hardly could suspect —

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,

Scarce any blood came through)

You looked twice ere you saw his breast

Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,

We've got you Ratisbon!

The Marshal's in the market-place,

And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed: his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" — "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a barque fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both;

Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was
gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!

Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

Thomas Buchanan Read

OPPORTUNITY

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes,
A craven hung along the battle's edge,

And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing!" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering, crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Rowland Sill

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

SOMETIMES, in the far Eastern countries, the natives have betrayed those who trusted them, and the English who have lived with them as friends have found them cruel and deadly enemies.

"YE have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and
made an end,

Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:
What will ye more of your guest and sometime
friend?"

"Blood for our blood," they said.

He laughed: "If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."

"You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;

All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassîn river sullenly flows;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hid the loved and honoured dead;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet
wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watched the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her
screw;
He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE 49

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling
white;
He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height.

"O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee."
A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

Sir Henry Newbolt

FROM THE GREEK OF JULIANUS

A SPARTAN, his companion slain,
Alone from battle fled;
His mother, kindling with disdain
That she had borne him, struck him dead;
For courage, and not birth alone,
In Sparta, testifies a son!

William Cowper

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

DURING the Crimean War, in 1855, a brigade of English cavalry was ordered to charge a great battery of Russian cannon. Though every cavalryman knew that the attempt meant almost certain death, the charge was made; and what was left of the Light Brigade returned to its lines twenty-five

50 CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

minutes later, leaving nearly four hundred of its men upon the field of battle.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
“Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said.
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder’d.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley’d and thunder’d;
Storm’d at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash’d all their sabres bare,
Flash’d as they turned in air

Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

(The Great War)

THE Guards — “Irish and Welsh and Scot, Coldstream and Grenadiers” — are the finest regiments of the British Regular Army. During times of peace they serve as guards of honor on state occasions; and thousands of people watch their reviews in Hyde Park.

MEN of the 21st

Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night — ‘
God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it — sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it — sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!

Never a word of cheer!

Fronting Hill 70’s shell-swept slope,

With the dull dead plain in our rear.

Always the whine of the shell,

Always the roar of its burst,

Always the tortures of hell,

As waiting and wincing we cursed

Our luck and the guns and the Boche,
 When our Corporal shouted "Stand to!"
 And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front for
 the Guards!"
 And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
 But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
 Irish and Welsh and Scot,
 Coldstream and Grenadiers.
 Two brigades, if you please,
 Dressing as straight as a hem,
 We — we were down on our knees,
 Praying for us and for them!
 Praying with tear-wet cheek,
 Praying with outstretched hand,
 Lord, I could speak for a week,
 But how could you understand!
 How should *your* cheeks be wet,
 Such feelin's don't come to *you*.
 But when can me or my mates forget,
 When the Guards came through!

"Five yards left extend!"
 It passed from rank to rank.
 Line after line with never a bend,
 And a touch of the London swank.
 A trifle of swank and dash,
 Cool as a home parade,
 Twinkle and glitter and flash,
 Flinching never a shade,
 With the shrapnel right in their face
 Doing their Hyde Park stunt,

Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

THE EXPLORER

“THERE's no sense in going further — it's the edge of cultivation,”

So they said, and I believed it — broke my land and sowed my crop —

Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station

Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes

On an everlasting Whisper day and night repeated — so:

“Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges —

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!”

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest neighbours —

Stole away with pack and ponies — left 'em drinking in the town;

And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to
help my labours
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and
leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks
and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of
grass;
Till I camped above the tree-line — drifted snow and
naked boulders —
Felt free air astir to windward — knew I'd stumbled
on the Pass.

Thought to name it for the finder: but that night the
Norther found me —
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies; so I called
the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Cap to-day, though). Then my
Whisper waked to hound me: —
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder!
Go you there!"

Then I knew, the while I doubted — knew His Hand
was certain o'er me
Still — it might be self-delusion — scores of better
men had died —
I could reach the township living, but — He knows
what terrors tore me . . .
But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the
other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned
to aloes,¹

And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming
stream ran by;

But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water
drained to shallows,

And I dropped again on desert — blasted earth and
blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by
them;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the
smoke;

I remember they were fancy — for I threw a stone to
try 'em.

“Something lost behind the Ranges,” was the only
word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I
saw.

Very full of dreams that desert: but my two legs took
me through it. . . .

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all
black and raw.

But at last the country altered — White Man's coun-
try past disputing —

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills
behind —

There I found me food and water, and I lay a week re-
cruiting,

¹ Little evergreens.

Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I
entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey — chose my trees
and blazed and ringed 'em —

Week by week I pried and sampled — week by week
my findings grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found
a kingdom!

But by God, who sent his Whisper, I had struck the
worth of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised
snow-slide shivers —

Down and through the big fat marshes that the
virgin ore-bed stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined
rivers,

And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable
plains!

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades
between 'em;

Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand
head ¹ an hour;

Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-
ripe woods that screen 'em —

Saw the plant to feed a people — up and waiting for
the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit — all the clever
chaps that followed —

¹ (Of horsepower.)

Came, a dozen men together — never knew my
desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-
holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. *They'll* be
called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships — not the cities
that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers — not my rivers heard at
night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me
how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my
feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one
single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget (barring samples)?
No, not I!
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my
Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and
occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-transit
sure and steady
(That should keep the railway rates down); coal and
iron at your doors.
God took care to hide that country till He judged His
people ready;
Then he chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it,
and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never Country" — yes, your "edge
of cultivation"

And "no sense in going further" — till I crossed the
range to see.

God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present to
our nation.

Anybody might have found it, but — His Whisper
came to Me!

Rudyard Kipling

COLUMBUS

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,

Behind the Gates of Hercules;

Before him not the ghost of shores,

Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,

For lo! the very stars are gone.

Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"

"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;

My men grow ghastly wan and weak."

The stout mate thought of home; a spray

Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,

If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

"Why, you shall say at break of day,

'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,

Until at last the blanched mate said,

"Why, now not even God would know

Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Joaquin Miller

THE REVENGE

(A Ballad of the Fleet)

IN the days when Spain was at the height of her power there came into her harbors from the New World great fleets of ships bearing cargoes of precious stones and ingots of gold and silver. The English were at that time the deadly enemies of Spain; their ships lay in wait for the treasure-fleets, and robbed and then destroyed the vessels which they found

defenceless. The Spanish, in turn, were said to torture the English whom they captured, trying to force them to swear allegiance to the Catholic Church.

There came news to England, in 1591, of treasure-ships which would pass the Azores on their way to Spain. To Flores, therefore, went Lord Thomas Howard, with six fighting-ships, to attack the Spaniards as they approached. But a sailing-vessel brought to him, one sunny day, the news that in place of the treasure ships a great fleet of war-vessels had been sighted at sea.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from
far away;

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
three!"

Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am
no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of
gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no
coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of
Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that
day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the
land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below:
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came
in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.
“Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There’ll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.”
And Sir Richard said again: “We be all good English
men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
devil,
For I never turn’d my back upon Don or devil yet.”

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh’d, and we roar’d a
hurrah, and so

The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the
foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left
were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hun-
dred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like
a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself
and went,

Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be dressed he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
head,

And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
over the summer sea,

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us
all in a ring;

But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that
we still could sting,

So they watch'd what the end would be.

And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight were we,

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,

And half of the rest of us maim'd for life

In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
strife;

And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
was all of it spent;

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again!

We have won great glory, my men!

And a day less or more,

At sea or ashore,

We die — does it matter when?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her
in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made
reply:

"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let
us go;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow."

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the
foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few;

Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they
knew,

But they sank his body with honor down into the deep.

And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien
crew,

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her
own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to
moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-
shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island
crag
To be lost evermore in the main.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

HERVÉ RIEL

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-
two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the
blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the
Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
 Damfreville;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
“Help the winners of a race!
 Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or,
 quicker still,
 Here’s the English can and will!”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on
 board:
 “Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
 pass?” laughed they:
“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
 scarred and scored,
Shall the ‘Formidable’ here with her twelve and eighty
 guns
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow
 way,
Trust to enter where ’tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
 tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now ’tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!”

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
“Here’s the English at our heels; would you have them
 take in tow
All that’s left us of the fleet, linked together stern and
 bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
these

— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, sec-
ond, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries
Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river dis-
embogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's
for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
sea's profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as
fate,
Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's counte-
nance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
 Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
 but a run? —
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
 Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE 73

All that France saved from the fight whence Eng-
land bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the
Belle Aurore!

Robert Browning

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

THE British war-ship Royal George was undergoing repairs at Portsmouth Harbor in 1782, when she suddenly careened, filled with water, and went down with all on board.

TOLL for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
 No tempest gave the shock;
 She sprang no fatal leak,
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
 Once dreaded by our foes!
 And mingle with our cup
 The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

William Cowper

OLD IRONSIDES

FROM the time of the Spanish Armada to the War of 1812, England had been "mistress of the seas." But there went out from the harbors of the New World the United States frigate *Constitution*, which met and destroyed the British warship *Guerrière*, and which proved so terrible an adversary that she remained forever unconquered. So dear did the ship become to the American people that she was nicknamed "Old Ironsides"; and when, twenty years later, a proposal was made to break her up and sell her for junk, Oliver Wendell Holmes added this poem to the protests which arose all over the land. The *Constitution* was saved, and lies at anchor in the Charlestown Navy Yard, with her guns still in place as they were when she met and defeated the *Guerrière*.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar; —
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee; —
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;

Her thunders shook the mighty deep
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE FIGHTING TÊMÉRAIRE

THE great three-decked frigate "Téméraire," a fighting-ship of the time of "Old Ironsides," was one of the most beloved vessels of the British Navy. The affection of the people did not save her from her fate; but the great ship has become immortal through J. M. W. Turner's picture of "The Fighting Téméraire Tugged to Her Last Berth to be Broken Up."

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they polished every gun.
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-swinging,
As they polished every gun.

*Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to hear the round shot biting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round shot biting,
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun.
It was noontide ringing,
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done;
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
And she's fading down the river,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,*

*But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

Sir Henry Newbolt

CRAVEN

(Mobile Bay, 1864)

OVER the turret, shut in his iron-clad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and
flame;

Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign;
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim,
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming; the monitor hung
Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed.
Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;
She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar,
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and
sank.

Over the manhole, up in the iron-clad tower,
Pilot and Captain met as they turned to fly:
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream: Craven spoke,
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a Captain's pride,
"After you, Pilot": the pilot woke,
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

*All men praise the deed and the manner, but we —
We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
The grace of the empty hands and promises loud:*

*Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,
Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
Outram coveting right before command, —*

*These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud, and strong.
Sir Henry Newbolt*

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

*Seven men from all the world, back to Docks again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain:
Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away —
We that took the "Bolivar" out across the Bay!*

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with rails;
We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo shifted;
We put out from Sunderland — met the winter
gales —
Seven days and seven nights to the Start we drifted.

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white as
snow,

All the coals adrift a-deck, half the rails below;
Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray —
Out we took the “Bolivar,” out across the Bay!

One by one the Lights came up, winked and let us by;
Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo’c’sle short;
Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead fly;
Left The Wolf behind us with a two-foot list to port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her
soul;

Clanging like a smithy-shop after every roll;
Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the
spray —

So we threshed the “Bolivar” out across the Bay!

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she’d break;
Wondered every time she raced if she’d stand the
shock;

Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her
strake;

Hoped the Lord ’ud keep his thumb on the plumber-
block.

Banged against the iron decks, bilges choked with
coal;

Flayed and frozen foot and hand, sick of heart and
soul;

’Last we prayed she’d buck herself into Judgment
Day —

Hi! we cursed the “Bolivar” knocking round the
Bay!

Oh! her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still —
Up and down and back we went, never time for
breath;
Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by the
heel,
And the stars ran round and round dancin' at our
death.

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between;
Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it
green,
Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at
play —
That was on the "Bolivar," south across the Bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell —
Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was
we —
Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand hotel;
Cheered her from the "Bolivar," swampin' in the
sea.

Then a greyback cleared us out, then the skipper
laughed;
"Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell — rig the
winches aft!
"Yoke the kicking rudder-head — get her under
way!"
So we steered her, pulley-haul, out across the
Bay!

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.

82 A WET SHEET AND FLOWING SEA

Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal
Sea!

*Seven men from all the world, back to town again,
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain.
Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners gay,
'Cause we took the "Bolivar" safe across the Bay?*

Rudyard Kipling

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I hear a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads, ●
The good ship tight and free —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham

A GREYPORT LEGEND

(1797)

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town,
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay;
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.

“Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay.”

Good cause for fear! In the thick mid-day
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear,
Drifted clear beyond reach or call, —
Thirteen children they were in all, —
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, “God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!”
Said his wife, “My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide”;
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird’s cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar;
 And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
 O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
 But not from the lips that had gone before.

They came no more. But they tell the tale
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail —
For the signal they know will bring relief;
 For the voices of children, still at play
 In a phantom hulk that drifts away
 Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still, when the mists of Doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
 We hear from the misty troubled shore
 The voice of the children gone before,
 Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

Bret Harte

THE SANDS OF DEE

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee”;
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

Charles Kingsley

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

(1571)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he;
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'" ¹

¹ The tune of alarm.

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flight of mews and peewits ¹ pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth, —
My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song,
"Cusha! ' Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot:

¹ Sea-birds.

Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows

To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells began to play
Afar I heard her milking song."

He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby"!

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre ¹ reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout —
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So far, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it break against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high —

¹ Wave.

A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was cleare.
The pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea:
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith);
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,

Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.
I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
“Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, **Lightfoot;**
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From the clovers lift your head:
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.”

Jean Ingelow

THE THREE FISHERS

THREE fishers went sailing out into the West,
 Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the
 best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
 town;

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
 Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
 shower,
 And the night rack came rolling up ragged and
 brown!

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep —
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley

ALEC YEATON'S SON

THE wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
 And the white-caps flecked the sea;
“An' I would to God,” the skipper groaned,
 “I had not my boy with me!”

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
 Laughed as the scud swept by;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
 As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side!"

And the skipper's eyes were dim.

"Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,

What would become of him!

"For me — my muscles are as steel,

For me let hap what may:

I might make shift upon the keel

Until the break o' day.

"But he, he is so weak and small,

So young, scarce learned to stand —

O pitying Father of us all,

I trust him in Thy hand!

"For thou, who markest from on high

A sparrow's fall — each one! —

Surely, O Lord, thou'lt have an eye

On Alec Yeaton's son!"

Then, steady, helm! Right straight he sailed

Towards the headland light:

The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,

And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail

Though housed from winds and waves —

They who could tell about that gale

Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;

Ere half the night was sped,

The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,

And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
 The folk on Gloucester shore
 Saw a little figure floating in
 Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
 Pull, mates, and waste no breath!" —
 They knew it, though 'twas but a speck
 Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
 At God His strange decree,
 That let the stalwart skipper drown
 And the little child go free!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth,
 And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
Oh say, what may it be?"

“’Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!” —
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh say, what may it be?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh say, what may it be?”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow’rds the reef of Norman’s Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine;
“O whaur will I get a skeely ¹ skipper
To sail this new ship o’ mine?”

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king’s right knee:
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”

Our king has written a braid letter
And sealed it wi’ his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem; ²
The king’s daughter o’ Noroway,
’Tis thou must bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read
So loud, loud laugh’d he;
The neist ³ word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e’e.

“O wha is this has done this deed
And tauld the king o’ me,
To send us out, at this time o’ year,
To sail upon the sea?”

¹ Skillful.² Foam.³ Next.

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king’s daughter o’ Noroway,
’Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi’ a’ the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae;
When that the lords o’ Noroway
Began aloud to say:

“Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s goud,¹
And a’ our queenis fee.”

“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Fu’ loud I hear ye lie!

“For I brought as mickle ² white monie
As gave my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o’ gude red goud
Out-o’er the sea wi’ me.

“Mak’ ready, mak’ ready, my merry men a’!
Our gude ship sails the morn.”

“Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

“I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;

¹ Gold.

² Much.

And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift ¹ grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

"O whare will I get a gude sailor
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall topmast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out o' our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in."

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

¹ Sky.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their milk-white hands;
But lang ere a' the play was ower
They wat their gowden bands.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang ere a' the play was play'd
They wat their hats aboon.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kames ¹ in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

Old Scottish Ballad

EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She look'd across the sea;
She look'd across the water,
And long and loud laugh'd she:

¹ Combs.

"The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage-fee,
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me!"

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walked along the sand;
When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Come sailing to the land.
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold,
And "Hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat,
Who saileth here so bold?"

"The locks of five princesses
I won across the sea;
I shore their golden tresses,
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale;
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Furl up thy velvet sail!"

He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold;
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
He shore her locks of gold;
"Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Sail Westward ho, and away!"

Charles Kingsley

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

AT Newport, looking out across the Bay, stands an ancient round stone tower. It was built, according to legend, long before the days of Columbus, by the Norsemen who explored the land. And near where the tower stands was found buried the body of a warrior, sitting upright in the earth, with breastplate and armor, and with weapons at his side.

“SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
 Who, with thy hollow breast
 Still in rude armor drest,
 Comest to daunt me!
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
 But with thy fleshless palms
 Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
 Pale flashes seemed to rise,
 As when the Northern skies
 Gleam in December;
 And, like the water's flow
 Under December's snow,
 Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!
 My deeds, though manifold,
 No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee!
 Take heed, that in thy verse
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,
 Else dread a dead man's curse:
 For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,
Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled
 By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,

Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half-afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,

And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

“Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his arméd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
 Round veered the flapping sail,
 'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
 'Death without quarter!'
 Mid-ships with iron keel
 Struck we her ribs of steel;
 Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
 Sails the fierce cormorant,
 Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden, —
 So toward the open main,
 Beating to sea again,
 Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
 And when the storm was o'er,
 Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward;
 There for my lady's bower
 Built I the lofty tower,
 Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
 Time dried the maiden's tears;
 She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother;
 Death closed her mild blue eyes,
 Under that tower she lies;

Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear;
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *Skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE ELFIN SHAFT

(Danish Ballad)

SIR OLUF had ridden west and east
To bid his friends to his bridal feast.
— Gay goes the dance by the greenwood tree.

By the howe ¹ he took his way,
And there danced elf and fay.

¹ Hollow.

There they danced in blithesome band;
The Elf-king's daughter reached forth her hand.

The Elf-king's daughter her hand stretched she:
"And will Sir Oluf tread a measure with me?"

"I may not, I dare not, the measure tread!
To-morrow morn I shall be wed."

"Oh, tread now a measure, Sir Oluf, with me!
Two buckskin boots will I give to thee,

"Boots well beseeming a knight so bold,
With spurs thereto of red, red gold.

"Oh, tread now a measure, Sir Oluf, with me!
A silken kirtle I'll give to thee,

"A silken kirtle so fair and fine
That my mother bleached in the pale moonshine."

"I may not, I dare not, the measure tread!
To-morrow morn shall I be wed."

"Oh, tread now a measure, Sir Oluf, with me!
An orb of gold will I give to thee."

"An orb of gold I fain would win,
But I may not dance with the fairy kin."

"And if thou wilt not dance with me,
Scathe and sickness shall follow thee!"

She struck Sir Oluf under his heart;
Deep in the roots he felt the smart.

She lifted him up on his horse of pride:
"Go home, go home, and seek thy bride!"

Oh, he rode up to his castle door,
And it was his mother that stood before.

"Lithe now and listen, Sir Oluf my son,
Why is thy cheek so white and wan?"

"Well may my cheek be wan and white,
I have seen the elf-maids' sport to-night!"

"Lithe now and listen, dear son of mine,
What shall I say to that bride of thine?"

"Shalt say I am in the mead
A-proving hound and steed."

All on the morrow ere dawn was grey
The bride rode in with glad array.

They poured the mead and they poured the wine:
"Now where is Sir Oluf, dear bridegroom mine?"

"Sir Oluf is in the mead
A-proving hound and steed."

"Oh, doth he love hound and horse of pride
Better than he loves his bride?"

She sought him alow, she sought him aloft,
She found Sir Oluf sleeping soft.

She lifted the cloak of scarlet red;
There lay Sir Oluf, was cold and dead.

She kissed him in the bridal-bower.
She died herself in ther self-same hour.

All so early, ere dawn was red,
Were three in Sir Oluf's hold lay dead.

Sir Oluf lay dead, and his bride also;
The third was his mother, that died for woe.
— The dance goes gay by the greenwood tree.

E. M. Smith-Dampier

THE ERL-KING

Who rides there so late through the night dark and
drear?

The father it is, with his infant so dear;
He holdeth the boy tightly clasped in his arm,
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.

“My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to
hide?” —

“Look, father, the Erl-King ¹ is close by our side!
Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with
train?” —

“My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain.” —

¹ The king of the wicked elves.

*"Oh come, thou dear infant! Oh come thou with me!
Full many a game I will play there with thee;
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold;
My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold."*

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
The words that the Erl-King now breathes in my
ear?" —

"Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;
'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering
leaves." —

*"Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there?
My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care;
My daughters by night their glad festival keep,
They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep."*

"My father, my father, and dost thou not see
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for
me?" —

"My darling, my darling, I see it aright,
'Tis the aged gray willows deceiving thy sight." —

*"I love thee, I'm charmed by thy beauty, dear boy!
And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ!"*

"My father, my father, he seizes me fast,
Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last!"

The father now gallops, with terror half wild;
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child;
He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread:
The child in his arms he finds motionless, dead.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

“O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

“O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

“I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.”

“I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful — a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

“I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

“I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

“She found me roots of relish sweet
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said
‘I love thee true.’

“She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh’d full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

“And there she lulléd me asleep,
And there I dreamed — Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill’s side.

“I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
They cried — ‘La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!’

“I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill’s side.

“And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither’d from the lake,
And no birds sing.”

John Keats

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies ¹ making a mane; ²
The tane unto the t'other say,
“Where sall we gang and dine to-day?”

“— In behint yon auld fail dyke ³
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, and hound, and lady fair.

“His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

“Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,⁴
And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek ⁵ our nest when it grows bare.

“Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.”

Old Scottish Ballad

¹ Two ravens.

² Moan.

³ Turf wall.

⁴ Throat-bone.

⁵ Thatch.

THE LORELEY

WHY I am sad I cannot tell;
A legend of the olden time
Rings in my heart like far-off bell,
And thrills me with its solemn rhyme.

The day stoops low, the air is chill,
And silent flows the darkling Rhine;
Upon the brow of vineclad hill
The rays of setting sun soft shine.

High on the rocks a maiden fair
Sits all alone, an angel bright;
She sits and combs her golden hair,
While day is sinking into night.

She combs her hair with golden comb,
And sings the while a sweet, sad song,
Which floats away as the flecking foam
Is borne by flowing wave along.

The boatman drifting in a dream
Glides on, and thrills with wildest pain;
The rocks he sees not in the stream,
Enchanted by that plaintive strain.

The wave I ween will swallow soon
The boatman in his reverie;
The Loreley in her witching tune
Sings with the voice of destiny.

Heinrich Heine.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shoreward blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray,
Children dear, let us away,
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away.
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay."
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore.
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves.
Say thy prayer and come back to the kind sea-caves."

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay,
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the
bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,

But we stood without in the cold-blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with
rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah! she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down;
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."

And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children.
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.

Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she:
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow;
When clear falls the moonlight;
When spring-tides are low:
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright sea-weed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side —
And then come back down.
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

Matthew Arnold

ROMANCE

My Love dwelt in a Northern land.
A grey tower in a forest green
Was his, and far on either hand
The long wash of the waves was seen,

And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,
The woven forest boughs between!

And through the clear faint Northern night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
Stole forth among the branches grey;
About the coming of the light,
They fled like ghosts before the day!

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle grey;
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day;
Above my Love the grass is green,
My heart is colder than the clay!

Andrew Lang

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betrothed were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;

He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

“If I’m a beggar born,” she said,
“I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret all ye can.”
She said: “Not so: but I will know
If there be faith in man.”

“Nay now, what faith?” said Alice the nurse,
“The man will cleave unto his right.”
“And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“Though I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee.”
“O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“So strange it seems to me.

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you will still be Lady Clare."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

LOCHINVAR

OH! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none.
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none,
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
“Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”—

“I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “’Twere better by
far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-
var.”

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:
There was racing and chasing on Canobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?
Sir Walter Scott

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,

Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;

“The curse is come upon me!” cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse —
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle to the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns.

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark.
I leap on board; no helmsman steers;
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;

But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?

The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

“Our faults no tenderness should ask, —
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall!

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes.
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!”

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
“Be merciful to me, a fool!”

Edward Rowland Sill

THE GLOVE

BEFORE his lion-court,
To see the griesly sport,
Sate the king;
Beside him group'd his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreath'd round their blooming ring.
King Francis, where he sate,
Raised a finger — yawned the gate,
And, slow from his repose,
A Lion goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;

And, with a lazy gape,
He stretch'd his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And — laid him down again!

A finger raised the king —
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarr'd;
Forth with a rushing spring
A Tiger sprung!
Wildly the wild one yell'd
When the lion he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And roll'd his rabid tongue.

In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound; —
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling!
The king raised his finger; then
Leaped two Leopards from the den
With a bound;
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible!
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold;
In the grim embrace they grappled and roll'd;
Rose the lion with a roar!
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats, on the spot,

From the blood-thirst wroth and hot,
Halted still!

Now from the balcony above
A snowy hand let fall a glove: —
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger, there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight Delorges: "If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

The knight left the place where the lady sate;
The knight he has pass'd through the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stoop'd above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!

All shuddering and stunn'd, they beheld him there —
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise, the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace:
He toss'd the glove in the lady's face!

"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he;
And he left forever that fair ladye!

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH

It was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the
bracken lay;

And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
Down the hillside and sifted along through the bracken
and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the dainti-
est doe;

In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and rounded her ears in turn.
Then the buck leapt up, and his head as a king's to a
crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had
the form of a deer;

And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slower came to a close,
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with wait-
ing and wonder and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the hillock, the
hounds shot by,

The does and the ten-tined buck made a marvellous
bound,
The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn in sign that the quarry
was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy to
the hunt had waxed wild,

And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the
hounds

For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds:
“I will kill a red deer,” quoth Maclean, “in the sight of
the wife and the child.”

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his
chosen stand;

But he hurried tall Hamish the henchman ahead:
“Go turn,” —

Cried Maclean, — “if the deer seek to cross to the
burn,

Do thou turn them to me: nor fail, lest thy back be red
as thy hand.”

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown of his breath
with the height of the hill,

Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck and
the does

Drew leaping to burn-ward; huskily rose
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs
were o’er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded
away to the burn.

But Maclean never bating his watch tarried waiting
below;

Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
All the space of an hour, then he went, and his face
was greenish and stern,

And his eye sat back in the socket, and shrunken the
eye-balls shone,

As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame
to see.

“Now, now, grim henchman, what is’t with thee?”
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon the
wind hath upblown.

“Three does and a ten-tined buck made out,” spoke
Hamish, full mild,

“And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was blown,
and they passed;

I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast.”
Cried Maclean: “Now a ten-tined buck in the sight of
the wife and the child

“I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought
me a snail’s own wrong!”

Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and
clansmen all:

“Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite
of thong!”

So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes; at the
last he smiled.

“Now I’ll to the burn,” quoth Maclean, “for it still
may be,

If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with
me,

I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the wife
and the child!”

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that;
and over the hill

Sped Maclean with an outward wrath for an inward
 shame;
 And that place of the lashing full quiet became;
 And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-
 backed Hamish sat still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick about and about
 turns he.

“There is none betwixt me and the crag-top!” he
 screams under breath.

Then, livid as Lazarus lately from death.
 He snatches the child from the mother, and clambers
 the crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and her
 heart goes dead for a space,
 Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks,
 shrieks through the glen,
 And that place of the lashing is live with men,
 And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a
 desperate race.

Not a breath’s time for asking; an eye-glance reveals
 all the tale untold.

They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward
 the sea,
 And the lady cries: “Clansmen, run for a fee!
 Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall
 hook him and hold

“Fast Hamish back from the brink!” — and ever she
 flies up the steep,

And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they
jostle and strain.

But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis vain;
Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles
the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they all
stand still.

And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on her
knees,

Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! but please, but
please

For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the child,
with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream, and a
gibe, and a song,

Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child if, in sight of ye
all,

Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the
bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his
tooth was red,

Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, but it never
shall be!

Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"

But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child from
the sea, if dead?

"Say yea! — Let them lash *me*, Hamish?" — "Nay!"
— "Husband, the lashing will heal;

But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in
his grave?

Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a
knave?

Quick! Love! I will bare thee — so — kneel!”
Then Maclean ’gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked
to the earth.

Then the henchman — he that smote Hamish —
would tremble and lag;

“Strike, hard!” quoth Hamish, full stern, from the
crag;

Then he struck him, and “One!” sang Hamish, and
danced with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each
stroke with a song.

When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace
down the height,

And he held forth the child in the heart-aching
sight

Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repent-
ing a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the
thanksgiving prayer —

And there as the mother crept up with a fearful
swift pace,

Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie’s face —

In a flash fierce Hamish turned round and lifted the
child in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible height in the sea,
Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the wind-rush; and
pallid Maclean,
Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold
of dead roots of a tree,

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back
drip-dripped in the brine,
And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he
flew,
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,
And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun
began to shine.

Sidney Lanier

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

An ancient story I'll tell you anon,
Of a notable prince, that was callèd King John.
He ruled over England with main and might,
But he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury:
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post to bring him to London town.

A hundred men, as the King heard say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day; .

And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

“How now, Father Abbot? I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work’st treason against my crown.”

“My liege,” quoth the Abbot, “I would it were
known,
I am spending nothing but what is my own;
And I trust that your grace will not put me in fear,
For spending my own true-gotten gear.”

“Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
And except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head struck off from thy body shall be.

“And first,” quo’ the King, “as I sit here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among all my liegemen of noble birth, —
Thou must tell to one penny what I am worth.

“Secondly, tell me, beyond all doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly, what do I think?”

“O, these are deep questions for my shallow wit,
And I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me a fortnight’s space,
I’ll do my endeavor to answer your Grace.”

“Now a fortnight’s space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live;
For unless thou answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy lands are forfeit to me.”

Away rode the Abbot all sad at this word;
He rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could by his learning an answer devise.

And home rode the Abbot, with comfort so cold.
And he met his shepherd, a-going to fold:
“Now, good Lord Abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from great King John?”

“Sad news, sad news, Shepherd, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live.
I must answer the King his questions three,
Or my head struck off from my body shall be.

“The first is to tell him, as he sits there,
With his crown of gold on his head so fair,
Among all his liegemen of noble birth,
To within one penny, what he is worth.

“The second, to tell him, beyond all doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at question the third, I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly, what does he think?”

“O, cheer up, my lord; did you never hear yet
That a fool may teach a wise man wit?
Lend me your serving-men, horse, and apparel,
And I’ll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

“With your pardon, it oft has been told to me
That I’m like your lordship as ever can be:
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at London town.”

“Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous raiment gallant and brave;
With crosier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to draw near to our father the Pope.”

“Now welcome, Sir Abbot,” the King he did say,
“’Tis well thou’rt come back to keep thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savèd shall be.

“And first, as thou seest me sitting here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among my liegemen of noble birth, —
Tell to one penny what I am worth.”

“For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee:
For, I think, thou art one penny worse than he.”

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittle,
“I did not think I was worth so little!
Now, secondly tell me, beyond all doubt,
How soon I may ride this world about.”

“You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your Grace need never doubt
But in twenty-four hours you’ll ride it about.”

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think I could do it so soon!
Now from question the third thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly, what do I think?"

"Yea, that I shall do, and make your Grace merry:
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The King he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my Liege, be not in such speed;
For, alas! I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week, then, I'll give to thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown to me;
And tell the old Abbot, when thou gettest home,
Thou hast brought him free pardon from King John."

Old English Ballad

A LEGEND OF SAINT MARTIN

SHREWD was the good Saint Martin; he was famed
For sly expedients and devices quaint;
And autumn's latest sunny days are named
Saint Martin's summer from the genial saint.
Large were his charities; one winter day
He saw a half-clad beggar in the way,
And stopped and said: "Well met, my friend, well
met;
That nose of thine, I see, is quite too blue."
With that his trenchant sword he drew —

For he was in the service yet —
And cut his military cloak in two;
And with a pleasant laugh
He bade the shivering rogue take half.

On one of the great roads of France
Two travellers were journeying on a day.
The saint drew near, as if by chance,
And joined them, walking the same way.
A shabby pair in truth were they,
For one was meanly covetous, and one
An envious wretch — so doth the legend run.
Yet courteously they greeted him, and talked
Of current topics; for example, whether
There would be war, and what to-morrow's weather,
Cheating the weary furlongs as they walked.
And when the eventide drew near,
Thus spoke the saint: "We part to-night;
I am Saint Martin, and I give you here
The means to make your fortunes, used aright:
Let one of you think what will please him best,
And freely ask what I will freely give.
And he who asks not shall from me receive
Twice what the other gains by his request;
And now I take my leave."
He spoke, and left the astonished men
Delighted with his words; but then
The question rose, which of the lucky pair
Should speak the wish and take the smaller share.
Each begged the other not to heed
The promptings of a selfish greed,
But frame at once, since he so well knew how,
The amplest, fullest wish that words allow.

“Dear comrade, act a princely part;
Lay every sordid thought aside;
Show thyself generous as thou art;
Take counsel of thy own large heart,
And nobly for our common good provide.”
But neither prayers nor flatteries availed;
They passed from these to threats, and threats
too failed.

Thus went the pleadings on, until at last
The covetous man, his very blood on fire,
Flew at his fellow's throat and clenched it fast,
And shrieked: “Die, then, or do what I require;
Die, strangled like a dog.” That taunt awoke
A fierce anger in his envious mate,
And merged the thirst of gain in bitter hate;
And with a half-choked voice he spoke,
Dissembling his malign intent:
“Take off thy hand and I consent.”

The grasp was loosened, and he raised a shout:
“I wish that one of my own eyes were out!”
The wish was gratified as soon as heard.
Saint Martin punctually kept his word.
The envious man was one-eyed from that day,
The other blind for his whole life remained.
And this was all the good that either gained
From the saint's offer in the public way.

William Cullen Bryant

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happened on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tattered garments went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where in the stroller's canting strain,
They begged from door to door in vain;
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would take them in.

Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village passed,
To a small cottage came at last
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Call'd in the neighborhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepped aside to fetch them drink,
Filled a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touched a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed;

For both were frightened to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What art!"
Then softly turned aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.

"Good folks, ye need not be afraid;
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drowned;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft,
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climbed slowly after;
The chimney widened and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist;
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But up against the steeple reared,

Became a clock and still adhered.
The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change a pulpit grew.
The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired the host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused awhile,
Returned them thanks in homely style:
"I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson, if you please."

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife.
When on a day which proved their last,
Discoursing on old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"
"But yes! Methinks I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too.
Nay, — now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root!"
Description would but tire my muse;
In short, they both were turned to yews.

Jonathan Swift

HOW ROBIN HOOD RESCUED THE WIDOW'S SONS

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

“What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?”
Said she, “There’s my three sons in Nottingham
town
To-day condemned to die.”

“O, have they parishes burnt?” he said,
“Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin?
Or other men’s wives have ta’en?”

“They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor other men’s wives have ta’en.”

“O, what have they done?” said Robin Hood,
“I pray thee tell to me.”
“It’s for slaying of the king’s fallow-deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee.”

“Dost thou not mind, old woman,” he said,
“How thou mad’st me to sup and dine?
By the truth of my body,” quoth bold Robin Hood,
“You could not tell it in better time.”

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
 With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

“What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?”
Said he, “Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemned to die this day.”

“Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is ten shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine.”

“O, thine apparel is good,” he said,
“And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh not an old man to scorn.”

“Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here is a piece of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine.”

Then he put on the old man’s hat,
It stood full high on the crown:

“The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down!”

Then he put on the old man’s cloak,
Was patched black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man’s breeks,
Was patched from leg to side:
“By the truth of my body,” bold Robin can say,
“This man loved little pride!”

Then he put on the old man’s hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist:
“By the truth of my body,” said bold Robin Hood,
“I’d laugh if I had any list.”

Then he put on the old man’s shoes,
Were patched both beneath and aboon:
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
“It’s good habit that makes a man.”

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

“Save you, save you, sheriff!” he said;
“Now heaven you save and see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?”

“Some suits, some suits,” the sheriff he said,
“Some suits I’ll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day’s a hangman’s fee.”

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone:
“By the truth of my body,” the sheriff he said,
“That’s well jump’t, thou nimble old man!”

“I was ne’er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade:
But curst he be,” said bold Robin,
“That first was a hangman made!

“I’ve a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

“I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good.”

“O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow!
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out.”

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood’s men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

"O, who are those," the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lea?"
"They're my attendants," brave Robin did say;
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
And released their own three men.
Old English Ballad

THE OUTLAW'S SONG

THE chough ¹ and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
It is our op'ning day.²

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower;

¹ Raven.

² The dawn of our day.

Bewilder'd hinds ¹ with shorten'd ken ²
 Shrink on their murky way;
 Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
 It is our op'ning day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 Nor roof nor latchèd door,
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow
 To bless a good man's store;
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day;
 Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
 And use it as ye may.

Joanna Baillie

HEATHER ALE

(A Galloway Legend)

FROM the bonny bells of heather
 They brewed a drink long-syne,
 Was sweeter far than honey,
 Was stronger far than wine.
 They brewed it and they drank it,
 And lay in a blessed swoond
 For days and days together
 In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,
 A fell man to his foes,
 He smote the Picts in battle,
 He hunted them like roes.

¹ Peasants.

² Sight.

Over miles of the red mountain
He hunted as they fled,
And strewed the dwarfish bodies
Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,
Red was the heather bell;
But the manner of the brewing
Was none alive to tell.
In graves that were like children's
On many a mountain head,
The Brewsters of the Heather
Lay numbered with the dead.

The king in the red moorland
Rode on a summer's day;
And the bees hummed, and the curlews
Cried beside the way.
The king rode, and was angry,
Black was his brow and pale,
To rule in a land of heather
And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortune'd that his vassals,
Riding free on the heath,
Came on a stone that was fallen
And vermin ¹ hid beneath.
Rudely plucked from their hiding,
Never a word they spoke:
A son and his aged father —
Last of the dwarfish folk.

¹ Dwarfs.

The king sat high on his charger,
He looked on the little men;
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
Looked at the king again.
Down by the shore he had them;
And there on the giddy brink —
“I will give you life, ye vermin,
For the secret of the drink.”

There stood the son and father
And they looked high and low;
The heather was red around them,
The sea rumbled below.
And up and spoke the father,
Shrill was his voice to hear:
“I have a word in private,
A word for the royal ear.

“Life is dear to the agèd,
And honour a little thing;
I would gladly sell the secret,”
Quoth the Pict to the king.
His voice was small as a sparrow’s,
And shrill and wonderful clear:
“I would gladly sell my secret,
Only my son I fear.

“For life is a little matter,
And death is nought to the young;
And I dare not sell my honour
Under the eye of my son.
Take *him*, O king, and bind him,
And cast him far in the deep;

And it's I will tell the secret
That I have sworn to keep."

They took the son and bound him,
Neck and heels in a thong,
And a lad took him and swung him,
And flung him far and strong,
And the sea swallowed his body,
Like that of a child of ten; —
And there on the cliff stood the father,
Last of the dwarfish men.

"True was the word I told you:
Only my son I feared;
For I doubt the sapling courage
That goes without the beard.
But now in vain is the torture,
Fire shall never avail:
Here dies in my bosom
The secret of Heather Ale."
Robert Louis Stevenson

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,

On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
If any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

William Allingham

THE FAIRIES' DANCE

ONCE in the morning when the breeze
Set all the leaves astir,
And music floated from the trees
As from a dulcimer,
I saw the roses, one by one,
Bow gracefully, as though
A fairy dance were just begun
Upon the ground below.

The lilies white, beside the walk,
Like ladies fair and tall,
Together joined in whispered talk
About the fairies' ball;
The slender grasses waved along
The garden path, and I
Could almost hear the fairies' song
When blew the light wind by.

I waited there till noon, to hear
The elfin music sweet;
I saw the servant bees appear
In golden jackets neat;
And though I wished just once to see
The happy little elves,
They were so much afraid of me
They never showed themselves!

Frank Dempster Sherman

THE ELFIN ARTIST

In a glade of an elfin forest
When Sussex was Eden-new,
I came on an elvish painter
And watched as his picture grew.
A harebell nodded beside him.
He dipt his brush in the dew.

And it might be the wild thyme round him
That shone in that dark strange ring;
But his brushes were bees' antennæ,
His knife was a wasp's blue sting;
And his gorgeous, exquisite palette
Was a butterfly's fan-shaped wing.

And he mingled its powdery colours
And painted the lights that pass,
On a delicate cobweb canvas
That gleamed like a magic glass,
And bloomed like a banner of elf-land,
Between two stalks of grass;

Till it shone like an angel's feather
With sky-born opal and rose,
And gold from the foot of the rainbow,
And colours that no man knows;
And I laughed in the sweet May weather,
Because of the themes he chose.

For he painted the things that matter,
The tints that we all pass by,
Like the little blue wreaths of incense
That the wild thyme breathes to the sky;
Or the first white bud of the hawthorn,
And the light in a blackbird's eye;

And the shadows on soft white cloud-peaks
That carolling sky-larks throw,
Dark dots on the slumbering splendours
That under the wild wings flow,
Wee shadows like violets trembling
On the unseen breasts of snow;

With petals too lovely for colour
That shake to the rapturous wings,
And grow as the bird draws near them,
And die as he mounts and sings; —

Ah, only those exquisite brushes
Could paint these marvellous things.

Alfred Noyes

FAËRY SONG

SHED no tear! O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! O weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! O dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies —
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red —
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this fresh pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu — I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue —
Adieu, adieu!

John Keats

TAM O' SHANTER

WHEN chapman billies ¹ leave the street,
And drouthy ² neebors, neebors meet,

¹ Pedler fellows.

² Thirsty.

As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;¹
While we sit bousing at the nappy,²
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,³
A blethering,⁴ blustering, drunken blellum;⁵
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder,⁶ wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig⁷ was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou⁸ on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon:

¹ Road. ² Drinking at the ale. ³ Worthless fellow.

⁴ Nonsensical. ⁵ Good-for-nothing.

⁶ Every time corn was taken to the mill.

⁷ Nag. ⁸ Full.

Or catch'd wi' warlocks ¹ in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,²
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle,³ bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,⁴ that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter ⁵ Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;

¹ Witches.

² Makes me weep.

³ Hearth-fire.

⁴ Creamy ale.

⁵ Shoemaker.

Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether time or tide; —
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil ¹ had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit ² on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire:
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles ³ catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets ⁴ nightly cry. —

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd; ⁵
And past the birks ⁶ and meikle stane,

¹ Devil.² Hurried.³ Ghosts.⁴ Owls.⁵ Smothered.⁶ Birches.

Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins,¹ and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. —
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll:
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway ² seem'd in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore ³ the beams were glancing;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing. —

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tipenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil! —
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a doddle.⁴
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light;
 And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France;
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker ⁵ in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,

¹ Furze bushes. ² Alloway Church.

³ Every hole.

⁴ He carea not a whit for devils.

⁵ Window-seat.

To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,¹
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.² —
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip ³ slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light, —
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cuttet frae the rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,⁴
Till ilka carlin ⁵ swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,⁶
And linket at it in her sark! ⁷

¹ Shriek.² Shake.³ Magic.⁴ Linked arms.⁵ Every old hag.⁶ Threw off her garments to work the better.⁷ Shirt.

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,¹
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie, —
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft ² for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;³
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,

¹ Barley.² Bought.³ Cower.

(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,¹
When plundering herds assail their byke;²
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch ³ skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!⁴
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,

¹ Fuss.² Hive.³ Frightful.⁴ Reward.

And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;¹
But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare.

Robert Burns

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER

It was a hundred years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveller saw the wild-deer drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the wind,
A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
The evening moonlight lay,
And no man knew the secret haunts
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet; her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white,

¹ Purpose.

That seemed to glimmer like a star
In Autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps were heard
On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here:
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years or more;
And ever, when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

"The red-men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well,
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where, deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingling light;
The deer, upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away, into the neighboring wood,
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As brightly as before;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere the crescent moon was old,
By night the red-men came,

And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight;
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And prowls the fox at night.

William Cullen Bryant

THE PEDLAR

THERE came a pedlar to an evening house;
Sweet Lettice, from her lattice looking down,
Wondered what man he was, so curious
His black hair dangled on his tattered gown:
Then lifts he up his face, with glittering eyes, —
“What will you buy, sweetheart? — Here’s honey-
comb,
And mottled pippins, and sweet mulberry pies,
Comfits and peaches; snowy cherry bloom,
To keep in water for to make night sweet:
All that you want, sweetheart, — come, taste and
eat!”

Even with his sugared words, returned to her
The clear remembrance of a gentle voice:
“And O! my child, should ever a flatterer
Tap with his wares, and promise of all joys,
And vain sweet pleasures that on earth may be,
Seal up your ears, sing some old happy song,
Confuse his magic who is all mockery:
His sweets are death.” Yet, still how she doth long
But just to taste, then shut the lattice tight,
And hide her eyes from the delicious sight!

“What must I pay?” she whispered. “Pay!” says he,

“Pedlar I am who through this wood to roam
One lock of hair is good enough for me,
For apple, peach, comfit, or honeycomb!”
But from her bough a drowsy squirrel cried,
“Trust him not, Lettice, trust, oh trust him not!”
And many another woodland tongue beside
Rose softly in the silence — “Trust him not!”
Then cried the Pedlar in a bitter voice,
“What, in the thicket, is this idle noise?”

A late, harsh blackbird smote him with her wings,
As through the glade, dark in the dim, she flew;
Yet still the Pedlar his old burden sings, —
“What, pretty sweetheart, shall I show to you?
Here’s orange ribands, here’s a string of pearls,
Here’s silk of buttercup and pansy glove,
A pin of tortoiseshell for windy curls,
A box of silver, scented sweet with clove:
Come now,” he says, with dim and lifted face,
“I pass not often such a lonely place.”

“Pluck not a hair!” a hidden rabbit cried,
“With but one hair he’ll steal thy heart away,
Then only sorrow shall thy lattice hide:
Go in! all honest pedlars come by day.”
There was dead silence in the drowsy wood;
“Here’s syrup for to lull sweet maids to sleep;
And bells for dreams, and fairy wine and food
All day thy heart in happiness to keep;” —
And now she takes the scissors on her thumb, —
“O, then, no more unto my lattice come!”

Sad is the sound of weeping in the wood!
Now only night is where the Pedlar was;
And bleak as frost upon a quickling bud
His magic steals in darkness, O alas!
Why all the summer doth sweet Lettice pine?
And, ere the wheat is ripe, why lies her gold
Hid 'neath fresh new-plucked sprigs of eglantine?
Why all the morning hath the cuckoo tolled,
Sad, to and fro, in green and secret ways,
With solemn bells the burden of his days?

And, in the market-place, what man is this
Who wears a loop of gold upon his breast,
Stuck heartwise; and whose glassy flatteries
Take all the townsfolk ere they go to rest
Who come to buy and gossip? Doth his eye
Remember a face lovely in a wood?
O people! hasten, hasten, do not buy
His woeful wares; the bird of grief doth brood
There where his heart should be; and far away
There mourns long sorrowfulness this happy day.
Walter de la Mare

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

AND it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four-score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh. (2 Kings xix, 35, 36.)

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

George Gordon, Lord Byron

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,

And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
 And newborn baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
 And our good Prince Eugene;"
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine;
"Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

“And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin: —
“Why that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

Robert Southey

A TURKISH LEGEND

A CERTAIN pasha, dead five thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

And had this sentence on the city’s gate
Deeply engraven: “Only God is great.”

So these four words above the city’s noise
Hung like the accents of an angel’s voice,

And evermore from the high barbican
Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost is that city’s glory. Every gust
Lifts with crisp leaves the unknown pasha’s dust,

And all is ruin, save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, “Only God is great.”

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,

Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

PATRIOTISM

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott

BANNOCKBURN

(Robert Bruce's Address to his Army)

FOR hundreds of years the Scots were engaged in deadly warfare with the English for the possession of the Scottish land of Caledonia. William Wallace had led them to victory against their southern foes; and in 1314 Robert Bruce commanded the Scottish armies in a terrible battle at Bannockburn, in which thousands of the English, under King Edward I, were left dead and dying on the field, and the rest fled for their lives before the victorious Caledonians.

There exists in Scotland a tradition that an old air, "Hey tuttie taitie," was Bruce's marching-song in the battle. It was to this air that Robert Burns, five hundred years later, wrote the song of Bannockburn.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall — they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

Robert Burns

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven —
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,

To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
Where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Joseph Rodman Drake

THE REVEILLE

(A poem written after President Lincoln's first call for volunteers)

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum, —
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!

Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming
drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!

Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-
sounding drum.

“But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?”

But the drum
Answered, “Come!

You must do the sum to prove it,” said the Yankee-
answering drum.

“What if, ’mid the cannon’s thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?”

But the drum
Answered, “Come!

Better there in death united, than in life a recreant. —
Come!”

Thus they answered, — hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, “My chosen people, come!”

Then the drum
Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,
“Lord, we come!”

Bret Harte

CONCORD HYMN

(Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, July 4, 1837)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April’s breeze unfurled,

Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

KILLED AT THE FORD

(A poem of the Civil War)

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,

He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE PICKET-GUARD

(November, 1861)

DURING the first year of the Civil War, when the people of the North were in constant expectation of a Confederate attack upon Washington, the war-bulletins contained frequently the statement: "All is quiet along the Potomac."

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost — only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . . . ? “Ha! Mary, good-bye!”
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket’s off duty forever.

Ethel Lynn Beers

THE OLD MAN AND JIM

OLD man never had much to say —
‘Ceptin’ to Jim, —
And Jim was the wildest boy he had;
And the old man jes’ wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life, — and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin’ him, fer three months;

And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away, —
 "Well, good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared like he was more satisfied
 Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see? —
 'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim;
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say, —
 "Well, good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
 Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
 The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad, —
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen, —
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said, — "Tell Jim Good-bye;
 And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come home jes' long enough
 To take the whim

'At he'd like to go back in the calvery —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid eround fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade;
'Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heered was the old man say, —
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way — jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum.
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on —
Jim a lieutenant, — and one arm gone, —
And the old man's words in his mind all day, —
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!

Think of him — with the war plum' through,
 And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
 A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
 And the old man, bendin' over him —
 The surgeon turnin' away with tears
 'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,
 As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
 His Father's, the old voice in his ears, —
 "Well, good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

James Whitcomb Riley

THE ONLY SON

O BITTER wind toward the sunset blowing,
 What of the dales to-night?
 In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,
 What ring of festal light?

*"In the great window as the day was dwindling
 I saw an old man stand;
 His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,
 But the list shook in his hand."*

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
 No sound of joy or wail?"

*" 'A great fight and a good death,' he muttered;
 'Trust him, he would not fail.' "*

What of the chamber dark where she was lying
 For whom all life is done?

*"Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying,
 'My son, my little son!'"*

Sir Henry Newbolt

THE BRAVE AT HOME

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story, —
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle, —
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her, —
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

Thomas Buchanan Read

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER
CORUNNA

WHEN, more than a hundred years ago, Napoleon invaded the countries about France and threatened to overrun Europe, England sent to the aid of Spain a small force under General Moore. The French army advanced to attack the British troops, and the Spanish abandoned their allies. So great was the strength of the French that the British were obliged to retreat to the seaport of Corunna. Before they could take ship, Napoleon's troops fell upon them, and in the battle which followed General Moore was killed.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,

That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,

And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him —

But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on

In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done

When the clock struck the hour for retiring;

And we heard the distant and random gun

That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame fresh and gory;

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,

But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(The death of Lincoln)

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,

The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exult-
ing,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the
shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;
Here, Captain! dear Father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead!

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman

RELIEVING GUARD

CAME the relief. "What, sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark, — as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling,

And in yon western sky, about
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Bret Harte

AS TOILSOME I WANDERED VIRGINIA'S
WOODS

As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kick'd by my feet (for
'twas autumn),
I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat (easily
all could I understand),
The halt of a mid-day hour, when up! no time to lose
— yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the
grave:

Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene
of life,
Yet at times through changeful season and scene,
abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes
the inscription rude in Virginia's woods:

Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Walt Whitman

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all: —

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storms of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red:
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke

THE VOICES

(Written on leave in a Kentish garden)

SLOW breaks the hushed June dawn:
The pear-soft light
Strikes from the dew-wet lawn
Diamonds bright,
And, out of sight,
Poised in the limpid blue on quivering wings,
A lark pours out his soul to God and sings
Of hope and faith and love and homely things.
Each dew-kissed rose
Lifts to the ardent Sun her velvet lip.
The splendor grows,
And every jeweled tip
Flashes a myriad golden, mimic suns.
Then — on the stilled air,
Sullen and sinister,
Mutter the Voices — the Guns.

Noon lifts his flaming crown:
Faint in the heat
The blue hills burn, and down
The village street
On laggard feet,
A carter walks beside his sweating team,
Pausing to let them water at the stream.
On the white road the purple shadows dream,
And like a bell

Tolled faint in fairyland, a cuckoo's note
Rings from the dell.
Clad in his emerald coat
Across the dusty road a lizard runs.
Then — through the heat,
With dull menacing beat,
Mutter the Voices — the Guns.

Soft falls Night's star-hung veil:
In the warm gloom
The roses sigh and fill
With rich perfume
The lighted room,
With wave on wave of incense like a prayer.
The candles burn straight in the windless air,
And there is sound of laughter, free from care.
Softly the light
Falls upon gleaming silver and thin glass
And damask white.
But — as the moments pass
And the talk dies to silence and hushed tones,
With shuddering breath,
Chanting their song of Death,
Mutter the Voices — the Guns.

Anonymous

A LULLABY

BECAUSE some men in khaki coats
Are marching out to war,
Beneath a torn old flag that floats
As proudly as before;
Because they will not stop or stay,
But march with eager tread,

A little baby far away
Sleeps safely in her bed.

Because some grim, gray sentinels
Stand always silently,
Where each dull shadow falls and swells,
Upon a restless sea;
Because their lonely watch they keep,
With keen and wakeful eyes,
A little child may safely sleep
Until the sun shall rise.

Because some swift and shadowy things
Hold patient guard on high,
Like birds or sails or shielding wings
Against a stormy sky;
Because a strange light spreads and sweeps
Across a darkened way,
A little baby softly sleeps
Until the dawn of day.

G. R. Glasgow

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade;
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air —
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.
It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land,
And close my eyes and quench my breath —

It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed on silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear —
But I've a rendezvous with Death,
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Alan Seeger

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw

The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

THE DEAD

THESE hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was
theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is
ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Rupert Brooke

RECESSIONAL

As a part of the celebrations attending the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, there was held in England a great pageantry of the military and naval forces of the British Empire — of armies and fleets-of-war from all those far-away

British countries upon which the sun is said never to set. It was to mark the close of this mighty display that Rudyard Kipling wrote the Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,

All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band ¹ captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"Tomorrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

¹ Militia.

“My sister, and my sister’s child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

“I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, “That’s well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O’erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack," quoth he — "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he called in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight! He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash ¹
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired"; —
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!

¹ Marsh.

For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, —
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell:
“This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again:
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

“Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!”
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

William Cowper

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE

DID you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again with a word, when the curate said, “Hey,”
She put forth her mettle and gallop’d away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
 While the sun of September all brilliantly glow'd,
 The good priest discover'd, with eyes of desire,
 A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
 On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
 Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
 He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the
 fruit;

With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
 And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
 On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
 And he gather'd the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
 So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
 Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
 "As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
 Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
 Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry,
 'Hey'?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
 And he spoke out aloud in his fond revery;
 At the sound of the word the good mare made a
 push,
 And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.
 He remember'd too late, on his thorny green bed,
 Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be
 said.

Thomas Love Peacock

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human back,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borak, —
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horit,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
 Over and over the Mænads sang:

“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay, —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town’s-people on her deck!
“Lay by! lay by!” they called to him.
Back he answered, “Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!”
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn’s bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,

Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried, —
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me, — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! why should we!"

Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

John Greenleaf Whittier

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to the day,
And then of a sudden, it — ah, but stay;
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
*Georgius Secundus*¹ was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

¹ George II.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stand the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em:
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through." —
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder and nothing less.
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen Hundred; — it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

(This is the moral that runs at large;
Take it. You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

First of November — the Earthquake-day —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start;
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whiffle-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,

At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray what is the reason for that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray
locks,

"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling a box —
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too
weak

For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the
beak:

Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly sup-
pose

That your eye was as steady as ever:
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

Lewis Carroll

BROWN'S DESCENT, OR THE WILLY-NILLY SLIDE

BROWN lived at such a lofty farm
That everyone for miles could see
His lantern when he did his chores
In winter after half past three.

And many must have seen him make
His wild descent from there one night,
'Cross lots, 'cross walls, 'cross everything,
Describing rings of lantern light.

Between the house and barn the gale
Got him by something he had on
And blew him out on the icy crust
That cased the world, and he was gone!

Walls were all buried, trees were few:
He saw no stay unless he stove
A hole in somewhere with his heel.
But though repeatedly he strove

And stamped and said things to himself,
And sometimes something seemed to yield,
He gained no foothold, but pursued
His journey down from field to field.

Sometimes he came with arms outspread
Like wings, revolving in the scene
Upon his longer axis, and
With no small dignity of mien.

Faster or slower as he chanced,
Sitting or standing as he chose,
According as he feared to risk
His neck, or thought to spare his clothes.

He never let the lantern drop.
And some exclaimed who saw afar
The figures he described with it,
"I wonder what those signals are

“Brown makes at such an hour of night!
He’s celebrating something strange.
I wonder if he’s sold his farm,
Or been made Master of the Grange.”

He reeled, he lurched, he bobbed, he checked;
He fell and made the lantern rattle
(But saved the light from going out).
So half-way down he fought the battle

Incredulous of his own bad luck.
And then becoming reconciled
To everything, he gave it up
And came down like a coasting child.

“Well — I — be —” that was all he said,
As standing in the river road,
He looked back up the slippery slope
(Two miles it was) to his abode.

Sometimes as an authority
On motor-cars, I’m asked if I
Should say our stock was petered out,
And this is my sincere reply:

Yankees are what they always were.
Don’t think Brown ever gave up hope
Of getting home again because
He couldn’t climb that slippery slope;

Or even thought of standing there
Until the January thaw
Should take the polish off the crust.
He bowed with grace to natural law,

And then went round it on his feet,
 After the manner of our stock;
 Not much concerned for those to whom,
 At that particular time o'clock,

It must have looked as if the course
 He steered was really straight away
 From that which he was headed for —
 Not much concerned for them, I say;

No more so than became a man —
 And politician at odd seasons.
 I've kept Brown standing in the cold
 While I invested him with reasons;

But now he snapped his eyes three times;
 Then shook his lantern saying, "He's
 'Bout out!" and took the long way home
 By road, a matter of several miles.

Robert Frost

ELEGY ¹ ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song;
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran —
 Whene'er he went to pray.

¹ Elegy: "a mournful or plaintive poem."

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad —
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be —
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends —
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around, from all the neighbouring streets,
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon the wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied —
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith

THE YARN OF THE NANCY BELL

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key: —

“Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.”

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been
drinking,
And so I simply said: —

“O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
However you can be

“At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.”

And he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun his painful yarn: —

“’Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

“And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o’ soul),
And only ten of the Nancy’s men
Said ‘Here!’ to the muster-roll.

“There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.

“For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel;
So we drewed a lot, and accordin’, shot
The captain for our meal.

“The next lot fell to the Nancy’s mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

“And then we murdered the bo’sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain’s gig.

“Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, ‘Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?’ arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

“For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we’d both be blowed if we’d either be stowed
In the other chap’s hold, you see.

“‘I’ll be eat if you dines off me,’ says Tom;
‘Yes, that,’ says I, ‘you’ll be:
I’m boiled if I die, my friend,’ quoth I;
And ‘Exactly so,’ quoth he.

“Says he, ‘Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don’t you see that you can’t cook *me*,
While I can — and will — cook *you*?’

“So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

“‘Come here,’ says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
‘Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you’ll smell.’

“And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

“And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And — as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see!

.

“And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say:—

“Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig!”

Sir William Gilbert

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.

You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it would be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech.
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the Oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their clothes were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"

"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“You’ve had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?”
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They’d eaten every one.

Lewis Carroll

JABBERWOCKY

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought —
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“It seems very pretty,” she said when she had finished it, “but it’s rather hard to understand!” (You see she didn’t like to confess, even to herself, that she couldn’t make it out at all.) “Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas — only I don’t exactly know what they are! However, somebody killed something; that’s clear, at any rate —”

Lewis Carroll

HAPPY THOUGHT

THE world is so full of a number of things,
I’m sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Robert Louis Stevenson

GOOD HOURS

I HAD for my winter evening walk
No one at all with whom to talk,

But I had the cottages in a row
Up to their shining eyes in snow.

And I thought I had the folk within:
I had the sound of a violin;
I had a glimpse through curtain laces
Of youthful forms and youthful faces.

I had such company outward bound.
I went till there were no cottages found.
I turned and repented, but coming back
I saw no window but that was black.

Over the snow my creaking feet
Disturbed the slumbering village street
Like profanation, by your leave,
At ten o'clock of a winter eve.

Robert Frost

A TIME TO TALK

WHEN a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, What is it?
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.

Robert Frost

JOG ON, JOG ON

JOG on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

William Shakespeare

MEG MERRILIES

OLD Meg she was a gypsy,
And lived upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild, white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night, the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.
And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited mats of rushes,

And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A ship-hat had she on:
God rest her aged bones somewhere!
She died full long ago!

John Keats

A SONG OF THE ROAD

THE gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute;
And what should Master Gauger play
But *Over the hills and far away?*

Whene'er I buckle on my pack
And foot it gaily in the track,
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,
I hear you fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way
The self-same air for me you play;
For I do think and so do you
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under heav'n so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein;

But wheresoe'er the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you, wherever hie
The travelling mountains of the sky.
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road;

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!

Robert Louis Stevenson

A VAGABOND SONG

THERE is something in the autumn that is native to my
blood —
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping
time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood
astir;

We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

Bliss Carman

ENTHRALLED

LIKE huge waves, petrified, against the sky,
The solemn hills are heaved; by shadow kissed,
Or softly touched by delicate light they lie
Melting in sapphire and in amethyst.

The thronging mountains, crowding all the scene,
Are like the long swell of an angry sea,
Tremendous surging tumult that has been
Smitten to awful silence suddenly.

The nearer slopes with autumn glory blaze,
Garnet and ruby, topaz, amber, gold;
Up through the quiet air the thin smoke strays
From many a lonely homestead, brown and old.

The scattered cattle graze in pastures bare,
The brooks sing unconcerned beside the way,
Belated crickets chirp, while still and fair
Dies into sunset peace the golden day.

And toward the valley, where the little town
Beckons with twinkling lights, that gleam below
Like bright and friendly eyes, we loiter down
And find our shelter and our fireside glow.

But while the gay hours pass with laugh and jest,
And all is radiant warmth and joy once more,
My captured thought must wander out in quest
Of that vast mountain picture, o'er and o'er;

Where underneath the black and star-sown arch
Earth's ancient trouble speaks eternally;

And I must watch those mighty outlines march
In silence, motionless, with none to see.

While from the north the night-wind sighing sweeps,
And sharp against the crystal sky relieved,
The tumult of forgotten ages sleeps
Where like huge waves the solemn hills are heaved.
Celia Thaxter

THE LONG TRAIL

THERE'S a whisper down the field where the year has
shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing: — "Over then, come over, for the bee has quit
the clover,
And your English summer's done."

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song — how long! how long?
Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail — the trail
that is always new.

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate;

Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail — the trail
that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey and
old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll
Of a black Bilbao tramp;

With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail
From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail — the trail
that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade.

Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail — the
trail that is always new?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,

And the derricks clack and grate as the tackle hooks the
crate,

And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;

It's "Gang-plank up and in," dear lass,

It's "Hawsers warp her through!"

And it's "All clear aft" on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,

We're backing down on the Long Trail — the
trail that is always new.

Oh, the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us
tied,

And the syrens hoot their dread!

When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless
deep

To the sob of the questing lead!

It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,

With the Gunfleet Sands in view,

Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,

And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail — the
trail that is always new.

Oh, the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of
light

That holds the hot sky tame,

And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-
powdered floors

Where the scared whale flukes in flame!

Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,

Her ropes are taut with the dew,

For we're booming down on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail — the trail
that is always new.

Then home, get her home where the drunken rollers
comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring and the wet bows reel
and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!

Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail —
the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the
Start —
We're steaming all too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!

You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain —
You have heard the song — how long! how long?
Pull out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the Deuce knows what we may do —

But we're back once more on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
We're down, hull-down on the Long Trail — the
trail that is always new.

Rudyard Kipling

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

THE sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked
hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce
could stand;
The wind was a nor'wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things
a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we
lay.

We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a
shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go
about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head
and the North;

All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further
forth;

All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race
roared;

But every tack we made we brought the North Head
close aboard:

So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'long-shore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;

And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christ-
mas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the cap-
tain call.

"By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first mate,
Jackson, cried.

... "It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he
replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new
and good,

And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she
understood.

As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the
night,

We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the
light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board
but me,

As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to
sea;

But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the
cold,

Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were
growing old.

Robert Louis Stevenson

YOUNG AND OLD

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad;
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down:
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

Charles Kingsley

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne? ¹

We twa hae rin about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans ² fine;
But we've wandered monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

¹ Long ago.

² Daisies.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,¹
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,²
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught³
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Robert Burns

THE LAST LEAF

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,

¹ Brook.

² Friend.

³ Hearty draught.

Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
“They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;

But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

UPHILL

DOES the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara¹
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

¹ A snow-white Italian marble.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

James Russell Lowell

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee —

With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,

In the sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

A RED, RED ROSE

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune!

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I:
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luvè,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luvè,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!

She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely —
But let him bang his bellyfull,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day —
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blaméd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is naméd;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money;

I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey;
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally, —
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley!

Henry Carey

SONG

"Oh! Love," they said, "is King of Kings,
And Triumph is his crown.
Earth fades in flame before his wings,
And Sun and Moon bow down." —
But that, I knew, would never do;
And Heaven is all too high.
So whenever I meet a Queen, I said,
I will not catch her eye.

"Oh! Love," they said, and "Love," they said,
"The gift of Love is this;
A crown of thorns about thy head
And vinegar to thy kiss!" —
But Tragedy is not for me;
And I'm content to be gay.

So whenever I spied a Tragic Lady,
I went another way.

And so I never feared to see
You wander down the street,
Or come across the fields to me
On ordinary feet.
For what they'd never told me of,
And what I never knew;
It was that all the time, my love,
Love would be merely you.

Rupert Brooke

MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

“I’d dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

“And I’d feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

“A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet.

“And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

“No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

“But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words.”

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and cloverblooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

John Greenleaf Whittier

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;¹
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John' Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!²
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

¹ Smooth.² Muddy.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns

CIRCUMSTANCE

Two children in two neighbor villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;

Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossoméd;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

SONG

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

A PARTING GUEST

WHAT delightful hosts are they —
Life and Love!
Lingeringly I turn away,
This late hour, yet glad enough

They have not withheld from me
 Their high hospitality.
 So, with face lit with delight
 And all gratitude, I stay
 Yet to press their hands and say,
 "Thanks. — So fine a time! Good night."

James Whitcomb Riley

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson

HEY NONNY NO!

HEY nonny no!
 Men are fools that wish to die!
 Is't not fine to dance and sing
 When the bells of death do ring?
 Is't not fine to swim in wine,
 And turn upon the toe,
 And sing hey nonny no!
 When the winds blow and the seas flow?
 Hey nonny no!

Anonymous

ALL THINGS WAIT UPON THEE

INNOCENT eyes not ours,
 And made to look on flowers,
 Eyes of small birds, and insects small;
 Morn after summer morn
 The sweet rose on her thorn
 Opens her bosom to them all.
 The last and least of things,
 That soar on quivering wings,
 Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight,
 Have just as clear a right
 To their appointed portion of delight
 As queens or kings.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

FERN SONG

DANCE to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the Sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and Rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

John B. Tabb

THE BROOK-SONG

LITTLE brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look —
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve
and crook —
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me:
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mum-
blingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at
him!

Little brook — sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided center of your current swift
and strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing — how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook — laugh and leap! —
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest
sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago —
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

James Whitcomb Riley

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern; ¹
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,

¹ Heron.

By twenty thorps,¹ a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

¹ Villages.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

WINTER STREAMS

Now the little rivers go
Muffled safely under snow,

And the winding meadow streams
Murmur in their wintry dreams,

While a tinkling music wells
Faintly from their icy bells,

Telling how their hearts are bold
Though the very sun be cold.

Ah, but wait until the rain
Comes a-sighing once again,

Sweeping softly from the Sound
Over ridge and meadow ground!

Then the little streams will hear
April calling far and near, —

Slip their snowy bands and run
Sparkling in the welcome sun.

Bliss Carman

THE WOOD-PILE

Out walking in the frozen swamp one grey day
I paused and said, "I will turn back from here.
No, I will go on farther — and we shall see."
The hard snow held me, save where now and then
One foot went down. The view was all in lines
Straight up and down of tall slim trees
Too much alike to mark or name a place by
So as to say for certain I was here
Or somewhere else: I was just far from home.
A small bird flew before me. He was careful
To put a tree between us when he lighted,
And say no word to tell me who he was

Who was so foolish as to think what he thought.
He thought that I was after him for a feather —
The white one in his tail: like one who takes
Everything said as personal to himself.
One flight out sideways would have undeceived him.
And then there was a pile of wood for which
I forgot him and let his little fear
Carry him off the way I might have gone,
Without so much as wishing him good-night.
He went behind it to make his last stand.
It was a cord of maple, cut and split
And piled — and measured, four by four by eight.
And not another like it could I see.
No runner tracks in this year's snow looped near it.
And it was older sure than this year's cutting,
Or even last year's or the year's before.
The wood was grey and the bark warping off it,
And the pile somewhat sunken. Clematis
Had wound strings round and round it like a bundle.
What held it though on one side was a tree
Still growing, and on one a stake and prop,
These latter about to fall. I thought that only
Some one who lived in turning to fresh tasks
Could so forget his handiwork on which
He spent himself, the labor of his axe,
And leave it there far from a useful fireplace
To warm the frozen swamp as best it could
With the slow smokeless burning of decay.

Robert Frost

WINTER

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit!

To-who! — a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel ¹ the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,²
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit!

To-who! — a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare

DAFFODILS

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretch'd in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:

¹ Skim.

² Sermon.

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The agéd year is near his end.

Then dost thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

William Cullen Bryant

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

(On turning one down with the plough, in April, 1786)

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure ¹
 Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,

¹ Dust.

Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's ¹ maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield ²
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie ³ stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

¹ Walls.² Shelter.³ Barren.

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

Robert Burns

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

TELL you what I like the best —
 'Long about knee-deep in June,
 'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vines — some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
 And not work at nothin' else!

Orchard's where I'd ruther be —
Needn't fence it in fer me!
 Jes' the whole sky overhead,
 And the whole airth underneath —
 Sort o' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kind o' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
 Sprawl out len'thways on the grass,
 Where the shadder's thick and soft

As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company!

Jes' a sort o' lazein' there —
S' lazy, 'at you peek and peer
Through the wavin' leaves above
Like a feller 'at's in love
And don't know it, ner don't keer.
Ever'thing you hear and see
Got some sort o' interest —

Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveniently
Fer the boys 'ats apt to be
Up some other apple-tree!
Watch the swallers skootin' past
'Bout as peert as you could ast;
Er the Bobwhite raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow;
Er a hawk away up there,
'Pearantly froze in the air! —
Hear the old hen squawk, and squat
Over every chick she's got,
Suddent-like! — And she knows where
That-air hawk is, well as you! —
You jes' bet your life she do! —
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

Pee-wees' singin', to express
My opinion, 's second class,
Yit you'll hear 'em more er less;
Sapsucks gittin' down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
In them baseball clothes o' his,
Sportin' round the orchard jes'
Like he owned the premises!

Sun out in the fields kin sizz,
But flat on your back, I guess,
In the shade's where glory is!
That's jes' what I'd like to do
Stiddy fer a year er two!

Plague! ef they ain't sompin' in
Work 'at kind o' goes agin
My convictions! — 'long about
Here in June especially! —
Under some old apple-tree,
Jes' a-restin' through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Was a-gittin' there like me,
And June was eternity!

Lay out there and try to see
Jes' how lazy you kin be! —
Tumble round and souse yer head
In the clover-bloom, er pull

Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,
And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'ats dead,
Maybe, smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold and white and blue! —
Month a man kin railly love —
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

March ain't never nothin' new! —
Aprile's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May — I jes'
'Bominate its promises, —
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land —
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout er two —
Drap asleep, and it turns in
'Fore daylight and snows agin! —
But when June comes — Clear my throat
With wild honey! Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat! —
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!

James Whitcomb Riley

A VISIT FROM THE SEA

FAR from the loud sea beaches
Where he goes fishing and crying,

Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling.
Hie away home to sea!

Fresh is the river water
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull
But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more!

High on the sea-cliff ledges
The white gulls are trooping and crying;
Here among rooks and roses,
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Robert Louis Stevenson

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,

As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant

THE MOTHER BIRD

THROUGH the green twilight of a hedge
 I peered, with cheek on the cool leaves pressed,
 And spied a bird upon a nest:
 Two eyes she had beseeching me
 Meekly and brave, and her brown breast
 Throbbled hot and quick above her heart;
 And then she opened her dagger bill, —
 'Twas not a chirp, as sparrows pipe
 At break of day; 'twas not a trill,
 As falters through the quiet even;
 But one sharp solitary note,
 One desperate, fierce, and vivid cry
 Of valiant tears, and hopeless joy,
 One passionate note of victory;
 Off, like a fool afraid, I sneaked,
 Smiling the smile the fool smiles best,
 At the mother bird in the secret hedge
 Patient upon her lonely nest.

Walter de la Mare

TO A MOUSE

(On turning her up in her nest with the plough, November, 1785)

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle! ¹
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle! ²

¹ Running hither and thither.

² Plough-staff.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle,
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen-icker in a thrave ¹
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,²
 And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
 An' naething, now, to big ³ a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell ⁴ an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past,
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!

¹ An ear of corn out of a couple of shocks.

² Rest.

³ Build.

⁴ Biting.

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,¹
 To thole ² the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch ³ cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

Robert Burns

THE HARE

In the black furrow of a field
 I saw an old witch-hare this night;
 And she cocked a lissome ear,
 And she eyed the moon so bright,
 And she nibbled of the green;
 And I whispered, "Wh-s-st! witch-hare,"
 Away like a ghostie o'er the field
 She fled, and left the moonlight there.

Walter de la Mare

¹ Without house or home.

² Endure.

³ Hoar frost.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
 Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
 Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain,
 Retreats to his small domicile again.
 Touch but a tip of him, a horn, — 'tis well, —
 He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
 He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
 Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.¹
 Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
 And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
 He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
 Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
 And his sole riches. Whereso'er he roam, —
 Knock when you will, — he's sure to be at home.

Charles Lamb

TO A LOUSE

(On seeing one on a lady's bonnet, at church)

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie! ²
 Your impudence protects you sairly:
 I canna say but ye strunt ³ rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace;
 Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,

¹ When rent falls due.

² Crawling wonder.

³ Strut.

How dare ye set your fit ¹ upon her,
 Sae fine a lady!
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; ²
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
 In shoals and nations;
 Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rels, ³ snug an' tight;
 Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
 As plump and gray as onie grozet: ⁴
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet, ⁵
 Or fell, red smeddum, ⁶
 I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
 Wad dress your droddum! ⁷

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy; ⁸

¹ Foot.

² Sprawl in some beggar's head.

³ Ribbon-ends.

⁴ Gooseberry.

⁵ Poison.

⁶ Powder.

⁷ Warm you well.

⁸ Flannel cap.

Or aiblins some bit duddie ¹ boy,
On's wyliecoat; ²
But Miss's fine Lunardi! ³ fie,
How daur ye do't?

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

Robert Burns

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury — he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost

¹ Ragged.

² Flannel vest.

³ High bonnet.

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

John Keats

A FABLE

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

ON A FAVOURITE CAT DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed

The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes —
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize —
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between —
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled —
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery God
Some speedy aid to send: —
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard —
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties! undeceived
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold:
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold!

Thomas Gray

THE LION AND THE CUB

A LION cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise:
"Goodness! how natural he brays!"
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the lion starts.

“Puppy! that curs’d vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation!
Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.”

“Why so severe?” the cub replies;
“Our senate always held me wise!”

“How weak is pride,” returns the sire:
“All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.”

John Gay

THE DEWDROP AND THE WAVE

To a Dewdrop bright a Wave made speech:

“Come, follow me upon my way;
I’ll bear thee on until we reach
The ocean, where the billows play.”

The Dewdrop answered, whispering low:

“No! better to be here alone
Than rolling on in restless flow,
’Mid myriad drops a drop unknown.

“Glide past me, then, in thy quick flight;
I die within the rose’s breast,
Which in some lover’s hand this night
Shall droop with fragrance, — fate most blest.

“In vain ye lure me from this bed:
Here is my bliss, — for rest is bliss.”
The Wave, then mocking, onward fled,
To perish in the sea’s abyss.

Georg Herwegh

WINDY NIGHTS

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud.
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Robert Louis Stevenson

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG

OVER the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her teardrops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black
night through,
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man and Woman and Child, all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

Bret Harte

SILVER

SLOWLY, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver, sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Walter de la Mare

SCYTHER SONG

MOWERS, weary and brown and blithe,
 What is the word methinks ye know, —
 Endless over-word that the Scythe
 Sings to the blades of grass below?
 Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
 Something, still, they say as they pass;
 What is the word that, over and over,
 Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

*Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
 Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
 Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
 Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
 Hush — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
 Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
 Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
 Over the clover, over the grass!*

Andrew Lang

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands

From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time, shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity

Sayeth this incessantly, —

“Forever — never!

Never — forever!”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

“Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon:

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

A CRADLE HYMN

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,

Holy angels guard thy bed!

Heavenly blessings without number

Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment:
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features —
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursèd sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child: I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their King,

How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed;
Peace, my darling; here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

Sir Isaac Watts

THE THREE KINGS

THREE kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;

Three wise men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddlebows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with head on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, — it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and
the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were
barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:
The gold was their tribute to a King,

The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

FROM FAR AWAY

FROM far away we come to you,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
To tell of great tidings, strange and true.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.
From far away we come to you,
To tell of great tidings, strange and true.

For, as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
What hap do you deem there should us betide?
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

Under a bent,¹ when the night was deep,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,

¹ Hill.

There lay three shepherds, tending their sheep.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

“O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
To stay your sorrow and heal your teen?”
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

“In an ox stall this night we saw,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
A Babe and a maid without a flaw.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

“There was an old man there beside;
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door;
His hair was white, and his hood was wide.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

“And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
Those twain knelt down to the little one.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

“And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
That slew our sorrow and healed our care.”
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing.
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

Old English Carol

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

"WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the Shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the Wise Men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,

Shall daily hear the angel-song,

“To-day the Prince of Peace is born!”

James Russell Lowell

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even:

Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

“Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?”

“Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' fountain.”

“Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.”

Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together,

Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how:
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good my page!
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted.
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Old English Carol

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw — within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom —
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

A PSALM OF LIFE

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act, — act in the living Present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;

And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE LOOKER-ON

THE world was full of battle,
The whole world far and wide;
Men and women and children
Were fighting on either side.

I was sent from the hottest combat
With a message of life and death,
Black with smoke and red with blood,
Weary and out of breath,

Forced to linger a moment,
And bind a stubborn wound,
Cursing the hurt that kept me back
From the fiery battle-ground.

When I found a cheerful stranger,
Calm, critical, serene,
Well sheltered from all danger,
Painting a battle-scene.

He was cordially glad to see me —
The coolly smiling wretch —
And inquired with admiration,
“Do you mind if I make a sketch?”

So he had me down in a minute,
With murmurs of real delight;
My “color” was “delicious,”
My “action” was “just right”!

And he prattled on with ardor
Of the moving scene below;
Of the “values” of the smoke-wreaths,
And “the splendid rush and go”

Of the headlong desperate charges
Where a thousand lives were spent;
Of the “massing” in the foreground
With the “middle distance” blent.

Said I, “You speak serenely
Of the living death in view.
These are human creatures dying —
Are you not human too?”

“This is a present battle,
Where all men strive to-day.
How does it chance you sit apart?
Which is your banner, say?”

His fresh cheek blanched a little,
But he answered with a smile
That he fought not on either side;
He was watching a little while.

“Watching!” said I, “and neutral!
Neutral in times like these!”
And I plucked him off his sketching stool
And brought him to his knees.

I stripped him of his travelling cloak
And showed him to the sky:
By his uniform — a traitor!
By his handiwork — a spy!

I dragged him back to the field he left;
To the fate he was fitted for.
We have no place for lookers on
When all the world's at war.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye

Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

WHO BIDES HIS TIME

Who bides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be, —
He will not fail in any qualm
Of poverty — the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time — he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause,
And like a never ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who bides his time.

James Whitcomb Riley

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

Is there,¹ for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' ² that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp:
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

You see young birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof ³ for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;

¹ Is there (a man).² All.³ Ninny.

But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!¹
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,² and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Robert Burns

COMPROMISE

It is well to fight and win —
If that may be;
It is well to fight and die therein —
For such go free;

It is ill to fight and find no grave
But a prison-cell;
To keep alive, yet live a slave —
Praise those who fell!

But worst of all are those who stand
With arms laid by,

¹ He must not claim that.

² Prize.

Bannerless, helpless, no command,
No battle-cry.

They live to save unvalued breath,
With lowered eyes;
In place of victory or death, —
A compromise!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide, —
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd?
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best; his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and waite.

John Milton

OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;

I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
They get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloakèd craft their store of skill;
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

Sir Edward Dyer

ALADDIN

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose —
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain.

James Russell Lowell

THE SHEPHERDESS

SHE walks — the lady of my delight —
A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into her tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks — the lady of my delight —
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks — the lady of my delight —
A shepherdess of sheep.

Alice Meynell

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands

Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending: —
 I listen'd, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

William Wordsworth

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A LOST CHORD

SEATED one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the Organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again, —
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide Procter

THE BELLS

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells —
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight! —
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! — how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their horror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody
compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls: —
And their king it is who tolls: —
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells: —
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells: —
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells: —

To the tolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
Edgar Allan Poe

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
 While turbidly flow'd the river;
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
 (How tall it stood in the river!),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,

Steadily from the outside ring,
And notch'd the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god Pan
(Laugh'd while he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain —
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

THREE MEN OF GOTHAM

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.

And our ballast is old wine. —
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be. —
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmed bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine. —
And your ballast is old wine.

Thomas Love Peacock

IN THE TRAIN

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet!

James Thomson ("B. V.")

THE JOLLY COMPANY

THE stars, a jolly company,
I envied, straying late and lonely;
And cried upon their revelry:
"O white companionship! You only
In love, in faith unbroken dwell,
Friends radiant and inseparable!"

Light-heart and glad they seemed to me
And merry comrades (*even so
God out of Heaven may laugh to see
The happy crowds; and never know
That in his lone obscure distress
Each walketh in a wilderness*).

But I, remembering, pitied well
And loved them, who, with lonely light
In empty infinite spaces dwell,
Disconsolate. For, all the night,
I heard the thin gnat-voices cry,
Star to faint star, across the sky.

Rupert Brooke

MY STAR

ALL that I know
Of a certain star

Is, that it can throw
 (Like the angled spar) ¹
Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
 They must solace themselves with the Saturn above
 it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.
 Robert Browning

APRIL MOON

ROSES are sweet to smell and see,
 And lilies on the stem;
But rarer, stranger buds there be,
 And she was like to them.

The little moon that April brings,
 More lovely shade than light,
That, setting, silvers lonely hills
 Upon the verge of night —

Close to the world of my poor heart
 So stole she, still and clear;
Now that she's gone, O dark, and dark,
 The solitude — the fear.

Walter de la Mare

¹ The prism, or "rainbow glass."

TO THE NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
 Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out:
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried
 Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? — And I replied
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,

Soon, too soon —

Sleep will come when thou art fled;

Of neither would I ask the boon

I ask of thee, beloved Night —

Swift be thine approaching flight,

Come soon, soon!

Percy Bysshe Shelley

MORNING

Now morning from her orient chambers came,

And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill:

Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,

Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill,

Which, pure from mossy beds of simple flowers,

By many streams a little lake did fill,

Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,

And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

John Keats

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,

From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under,

And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fretted the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;

The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

William Wordsworth

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,

As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,

By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

Percy Bysshe Shelley

TREES

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer

BIRCHES

WHEN I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells

Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust —
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are
 bowed

So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows —
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.

And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

Robert Frost

RHODORA

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
Thy charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being:

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew:
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
 The self-same Power that brought me there
 brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

“FROST TO-NIGHT”

APPLE-GREEN west and an orange bar,
 And the crystal eye of a lone, one star . . .
 And, “Child, take the shears and cut what you will,
 Frost to-night — so clear and dead-still.”

Then, I sally forth, half sad, half proud,
 And I come to the velvet, imperial crowd,
 The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied, —
 The dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The dahlias I might not touch till to-night!
 A gleam of the shears in the fading light,
 And I gathered them all, — the splendid throng,
 And in one great sheaf I bore them along.

.

In my garden of Life with its all-late flowers
 I heed a Voice in the shrinking hours:
 “Frost to-night — so clear and dead-still” . . .
 Half sad, half proud, my arms I fill.

Edith M. Thomas

ODE TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen Thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats

GLOUCESTER MOORS

A MILE behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the grey moths sup
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold, —

Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end, —
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?

Shall all the happy shipmates then
 Stand singing brotherly?
 Or shall a haggard ruthless few
 Warp her over and bring her to,
 While the many broken souls of men
 Fester down in the slaver's pen,
 And nothing to say or do?

William Vaughn Moody

ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
 Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spe!
 Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell
 Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
 When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
 O ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
 O ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying melody, —
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

John Keats

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

William Wordsworth

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE OLD, GRAVE BOOKS

WHEN the old, grave books saw that the boy and girl felt quite at ease with the little book, a group of them approached the children. They nodded for a moment in consultation, and then the Oxford Book of English Verse stepped forward, and began to speak in a deep voice.

"You have thought us, I fear," said he, "too old and serious to become your friends. But this little book who has opened the Gates for you knows well how many of the poems with which she has delighted you may be found also in us. Speaking for myself, and for my friend, Palgrave's Golden Treasury, —"

"And for me!" ejaculated a book with a strange name, running forward swiftly. "As for being grave, I am full of amusing poems! I can tell you tales of Robin Hood, and stories of all the relatives of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury."

Hereupon all the books surrounded the children at once, and the Little Book of Modern Verse, standing on tiptoe, called from the edge of the circle, "What you want, of course, is modern poetry —"

"One would think," the children's book exclaimed impatiently, "that boys and girls like only collections!" She turned to the children. "You should know Longfellow and Whittier and Tennyson and Browning and many others much better than you do," she said; and she was about to lead them to two books standing

side by side nearby, when she was interrupted by a great rustling of pages and opening of covers from a fat red book who had just rushed up.

"You remember me!" the red book cried. "'All night long in the dark and wet —'"

"I don't know as they have any more call to remember you than me," objected a quiet, firm New England voice. "'When a friend calls to me from the road —'"

"'Tell you what I like the best,'" a cheerful Hoosier accent interrupted.

Then suddenly a brown book, with "Robert Burns" printed on his back, elbowed his way through the unguarded crowd with such roughness that he knocked many of them down. Instantly rose a hurly-burly of books throwing open their covers and demanding to be read at once. The boy and girl looked about anxiously, trying to recognize their friends, but in the confusion of so many books, all in strange bindings and with strange names, they could find only here and there a familiar voice. They were relieved, therefore, when the little book seized their hands and drew them into a quiet corner.

"How are we to know them?" they asked her. "And which should we read first?"

"You must choose for yourselves which books you will read first," she answered. "That should be as you like. But you know them all: I have shown you many of their poems. And I have made for you a list of some of their names, which will tell you, too, the kinds of poems which they have for you."

Upon reading the list which she pressed into their hands, the boy and the girl found this:

Collections of many poems by different authors ("anthologies"):

"The Oxford Book of English Verse."

Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics."

"The Little Book of American Poets," "The Little Book of Modern Verse," and "The Second Book of Modern Verse," compiled by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

Old ballads (like "Sir Patrick Spens," "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury," and "Robin Hood and the Widow's Sons"):

Percy's "Reliques."

Poems of the Knights of King Arthur (like "The Lady of Shalott"):

Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Poems of adventure and of far-away lands (like "The Ballad of the Bolivar" and "The Explorer"):

The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling.

Poems of many things (like "Heather Ale," "Windy Nights," "A Song of the Road"):

The Ballads and Other Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Poems of brooks and woods and meadows (like "The Daffodils"):

The Poems of William Wordsworth.

Poems of boys and girls and of out-of-doors (like "Knee-Deep in June" and "The Brook-Song"):

The Collected Verse of James Whitcomb Riley.

Ridiculous poems (like "Jabberwocky," "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," and "The Diverting History of John Gilpin"):

Carolyn Wells's "Book of Humorous Verse."

Sir William Gilbert's "Bab Ballads."

Poems of America:

Of Indians, Pilgrims, and the adventures of early days:

The Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Poems of John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Poems of William Cullen Bryant.

The Poems of James Russell Lowell.

Of early days in the Great West:

The Poems of Bret Harte.

Of Alaska and the North:

Robert W. Service's "The Spell of the Yukon," "The Ballads of a Cheechako," "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone."

Of New England people:

Robert Frost's "North of Boston" and "Mountain Interval."

Poems of the Great War:

George Herbert Clarke's "A Treasury of War Poetry."

Robert W. Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man."

Scottish poems (like "Tam O' Shanter," "To a Mouse," and "Highland Mary"):

The Poems of Robert Burns.

Books to read a little in now, and much more later:

The collected poetry of Byron, Keats, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Poe.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE compilers desire to express their thanks to the following publishers, agents, and individual owners of copyright for their kind permission to include the selections enumerated below:

To Messrs. Henry Altemus Company, for the poems by Lewis Carroll.

To Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, for poems by William Cullen Bryant and Felicia Hemans.

To Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., for "A Lost Chord," by Adelaide Procter.

To Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, for "The Voices," published anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

To The Bobbs-Merrill Company, for the poems by James Whitcomb Riley.

To The Cambridge University Press, for "The Elfin Shaft," from Miss E. M. Smith-Dampier's *Danish Ballads*.

To Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd., for "A Lullaby," by G. R. Glasgow, originally published in *Chambers's Journal*.

To Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, for the poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Robert Browning, and Jean Ingelow.

To Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell, for "In the Train," by James Thomson ("B. V.").

To Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, for "The Dead," "The Jolly Company," "The Soldier," and "Song: Oh, Love," from *The Collected Poems* of Rupert Brooke (copyright, 1915, by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.).

To Messrs. George H. Doran Company, for "Trees," from *Trees and Other Poems*, by Joyce Kilmer (copyright, 1914), and for "The Guards Came Through," from *The Guards Came Through and Other Poems*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (copyright, 1920).

To Lord Dunsany, for the prose excerpt, "What Is It to Hate Poetry?" from *Nowadays*.

To Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, for her poems.

To Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, for "April Mood," "The Mother Bird," and "Silver," from *Collected Poems*, by Walter de la Mare; for "The Blue and the Gray," by Francis Miles Finch; for "Birches," "Brown's Descent," and "A Time to Talk," from *Mountain Interval*, by Robert Frost; and for "Good Hours" and "The Wood-Pile," from *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost.

To Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, for poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Lord Byron, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bret Harte, John Hay, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Leigh Hunt, John Keats, Charles Kingsley, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, William Vaughn Moody, Edgar Allan Poe, Frank Dempster Sherman, Edward Rowland Sill, Celia Thaxter, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, John Greenleaf Whittier, William Wordsworth.

To Mr. Rudyard Kipling (through Messrs. A. P. Watt and Son) and to Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company, for "The Ballad of the Bolivar," "The Explorer," "The Long Trail," and "Recessional," from *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling* (copyright, 1910).

To Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company, for T. Buchanan Read's "Sheridan's Ride" and "The Brave at Home," and for Frank O. Ticknor's "Loyal."

To Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company of London, for "Scythe Song," by Andrew Lang, and for "The Patriot's Pass-Word," by James Montgomery.

To Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company of New York, for "Romance," by Andrew Lang.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Company, Ltd., of London, for "Out of the Night that Covers Me," from *Poems*, by William Ernest Henley.

To The Macmillan Company of New York, for poems by Christina Georgina Rossetti, Robert Southey, Sir William Gilbert, and Matthew Arnold.

To Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, for the translations of poems by Heine and Herwegh, from *Songs from the German*, by J. L. Spaulding, Bishop of Peoria.

To Messrs. David McKay Company, for "As 'rilsome I Wander'd Virginia's Woods," and "O Captain! My Captain," from *Leaves of Grass*, by Walt Whitman.

To Messrs. Methuen and Company, Ltd., for "The Housekeeper," from *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* (edited by E. V. Lucas).

To Wilfrid Meynell, Esq., for Mrs. Meynell's "The Shepherdess."

To John Murray, for Byron's "The Destruction of Sennacherib."

To Sir Henry Newbolt, for "He Fell Among Thieves," "The Fighting Téméraire," "Vital Lampada," "The Only Son," and "Craven," from *Poems, New and Old* (published by John Murray).

To Messrs. James B. Pinker and Son, for Walter de la Mare's "The Pedlar" and "The Hare," from *Songs of Childhood* (Longmans, Green and Company).

To the Proprietors of London *Punch*, for "In Flanders Fields," by John McCrae.

To Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, for "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," by Alan Seeger, "The Revenge of Hamish," by Sidney Lanier, and the poems by Robert Louis Stevenson.

To Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, for "Fern Song," by John B. Tabb; and for Bliss Carman's "Vagabond Song," from *More Songs from Vagabondia* (copyright, 1896), and "Winter Streams," from *April Airs* (copyright, 1916).

To Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company, for "The Elfin Artist," by Alfred Noyes, from *Collected Poems*, vol. III, by Alfred Noyes (copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company, Publishers).

To Miss Edith M. Thomas and Messrs. Harper and Brothers, for Miss Thomas's poem, "Frost To-Night," from the November, 1911, issue of *Harper's Magazine*.

To the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, for "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller.

The compilers desire also to express their appreciation of the very valuable assistance rendered them by the Librarians of the Grosvenor Library of Buffalo, New York.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY

Alec Yeaton's Son	92
A Turkish Legend	187

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM

The Fairies	165
-----------------------	-----

ANONYMOUS

Ballads:

How Robin Hood Rescued the Widow's Sons . .	157
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury . . .	147
Sir Patrick Spens	98
The Twa Corbies	115

Carols:

From Far Away	317
Good King Wenceslas	320
Hey Nonny No!	280
The Voices	209

ARNOLD, MATTHEW

The Forsaken Merman	117
-------------------------------	-----

BAILLIE, JOANNA

The Outlaw's Song	161
-----------------------------	-----

BEERS, ETHEL LYNN

The Picket-Guard	196
----------------------------	-----

BROOKE, RUPERT

The Dead	213
The Jolly Company	346
The Soldier	208
Song: "Oh! Love"	270

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT

A Musical Instrument	343
--------------------------------	-----

BROWNING, ROBERT

Hervé Riel	67
"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"	29
An Incident of the French Camp	43

My Star	346
Song from "Pippa Passes"	215
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	
A Legend of Saint Martin	151
To a Waterfowl	295
To the Fringed Gentian	288
The White-Footed Deer	178
BURNS, ROBERT	
Auld Lang Syne	260
Bannockburn	189
For A' That, and A' That	330
Highland Mary	276
John Anderson, My Jo	276
A Red, Red Rose	267
Tam O' Shanter	170
To a Louse	300
To a Mountain Daisy	289
To a Mouse	297
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD	
The Destruction of Sennacherib	183
CAREY, HENRY	
Sally in our Alley	268
CARMAN, BLISS	
A Vagabond Song	251
Winter Streams	284
CARROLL, LEWIS	
Jabberwocky	246
The Walrus and the Carpenter	242
You Are Old, Father William	233
COLLINS, WILLIAM	
How Sleep the Brave	208
COWPER, WILLIAM	
The Diverting History of John Gilpin	215
From the Greek of Julianus	49
The Loss of the Royal George	73
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN	
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea	82
DE LA MARE, WALTER	
April Moon	347

The Hare	299
The Mother Bird	297
The Pedlar	181
Silver	308
DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN	
The Guards Came Through	52
DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN	
The American Flag	190
DYER, SIR EDWARD	
My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is	333
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	
Concord Hymn	193
A Fable	303
Rhodora	359
FINCH, FRANCIS MILES	
The Blue and the Gray	206
FROST, ROBERT	
Birches	357
Brown's Descent	234
Good Hours	247
A Time to Talk	248
The Wood-Pile	285
GAY, JOHN	
The Lion and the Cub	305
GILBERT, SIR WILLIAM	
The Yarn of the Nancy Bell	239
GLASGOW, G. R.	
A Lullaby	210
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON	
The Erl-King (translated by Edgar A. Bowring)	111
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER	
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog	237
GRAY, THOMAS	
On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes	303
HARTE, BRET	
A Greyport Legend	83

John Burns of Gettysburg	36
Relieving Guard	204
The Reveille	192
What the Chimney Sang	307
HAY, JOHN	
Jim Bludso	34
HEINE, HEINRICH	
The Loreley (translated by J. L. Spaulding) . . .	116
HEMANS, FELICIA	
The Pilgrim Fathers	23
HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST	
Out of the Night that Covers Me	332
HERWEGH, GEORG	
The Dewdrop and the Wave (translated by J. L. Spaulding)	306
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL	
The Chambered Nautilus	366
The Deacon's Masterpiece	229
The Last Leaf	261
Old Ironsides	75
HUNT, LEIGH	
Abou Ben Adhem	321
INGELOW, JEAN	
The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire . . .	85
KEATS, JOHN	
Faëry Song	170
La Belle Dame Sans Merci	113
Meg Merrilies	249
Morning	349
Ode to Autumn	360
On the Grasshopper and Cricket	302
On the Sea	365
KILMER, JOYCE	
Trees	357
KINGSLEY, CHARLES	
Earl Haldan's Daughter	101
The Sands of Dee	84
The Three Fishers	91
Young and Old	260

KIPLING, RUDYARD

The Ballad of the "Bolivar"	79
The Explorer	54
The Long Trail	253
Recessional	213

LAMB, CHARLES

The Housekeeper	300
---------------------------	-----

LANG, ANDREW

Romance	121
Scythe Song	309

LANIER, SIDNEY

The Revenge of Hamish	141
---------------------------------	-----

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH

The Arrow and the Song	337
The Builders	327
Killed at the Ford	194
The Old Clock on the Stairs	309
Paul Revere's Ride	24
A Psalm of Life	322
The Skeleton in Armor	103
The Three Kings	314
The Village Blacksmith	323
The Wreck of the Hesperus	94

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL

Aladdin	335
A Christmas Carol	319
The First Snow-Fall	264

McCRAE, JOHN

In Flanders Fields	212
------------------------------	-----

MEYNELL, ALICE

The Shepherdess	335
---------------------------	-----

MILLER, JOAQUIN

Columbus	59
--------------------	----

MILTON, JOHN

On His Blindness	332
----------------------------	-----

MONTGOMERY, JAMES

The Patriot's Pass-Word	19
-----------------------------------	----

MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHN

Gloucester Moors	362
----------------------------	-----

NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY

Craven	78
The Fighting Téméraire	76
He Fell Among Thieves	47
The Only Son	200
Vitaï Lampada	17

NOYES, ALFRED

The Elfin Artist	168
----------------------------	-----

PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE

The Priest and the Mulberry Tree	224
Three Men of Gotham	344

POE, EDGAR ALLAN

Annabel Lee	265
The Bells	339

PROCTER, ADELAIDE

A Lost Chord	338
------------------------	-----

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN

The Brave at Home	201
Sheridan's Ride	44

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB

The Brook-Song	281
Knee-Deep in June	291
The Old Man and Jim	197
A Parting Guest	278
Who Bides His Time	329

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA

All Things Wait Upon Thee	280
Song: "When I am dead, my dearest"	273
Uphill	263

SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON

The Glove (translated by Edward, Lord Lytton)	138
---	-----

SCOTT, SIR WALTER

Lochinvar	126
Patriotism	188

SEEGER, ALAN

I Have a Rendezvous with Death	211
--	-----

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM

Jog On, Jog On	249
Winter	286

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE

The Cloud	349
Ozymandias of Egypt	187
To the Night	348
To a Skylark	353

SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER

The Fairies' Dance	167
------------------------------	-----

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND

The Fool's Prayer	137
Opportunity	46

SMITH-DAMPIER, E. M. (Translator)

The Elfin Shaft	168
---------------------------	-----

SOUTHEY, ROBERT

After Blenheim	184
--------------------------	-----

STETSON, CHARLOTTE PERKINS

Compromise	331
The Looker-On	325
The Shield	34

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS

Christmas at Sea	257
Happy Thought	247
Heather Ale	162
Requiem	279
A Song of the Road	250
A Visit from the Sea	294
Windy Nights	307

SWIFT, JONATHAN

Baucis and Philemon	153
-------------------------------	-----

TABB, JOHN B.

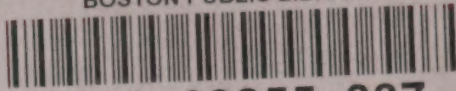
Fern Song	281
---------------------	-----

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD

Break, Break, Break	267
The Brook	282
The Charge of the Light Brigade	49
Circumstance	277
Crossing the Bar	279
Lady Clare	122

The Lady of Shalott	128
The Revenge	60
Sir Galahad	134
Sweet and Low	312
THAXTER, CELIA	
Enthralled	252
THOMAS, EDITH M.	
"Frost To-Night"	360
THOMSON, JAMES ("B. V.")	
In the Train	345
TICKNOR, FRANK O.	
Loyal	18
WATTS, SIR ISAAC	
A Cradle Hymn	312
WHITMAN, WALT	
As Toilsome I Wandered Virginia's Woods	205
O Captain! My Captain!	203
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF	
Abraham Davenport	31
Barbara Frietchie	40
Maud Muller	271
Skipper Ireson's Ride	226
WOLFE, CHARLES	
The Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna	202
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	
Daffodils	287
The Rainbow	352
The Solitary Reaper	336
The World Is Too Much With Us	365

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 09855 337 1

